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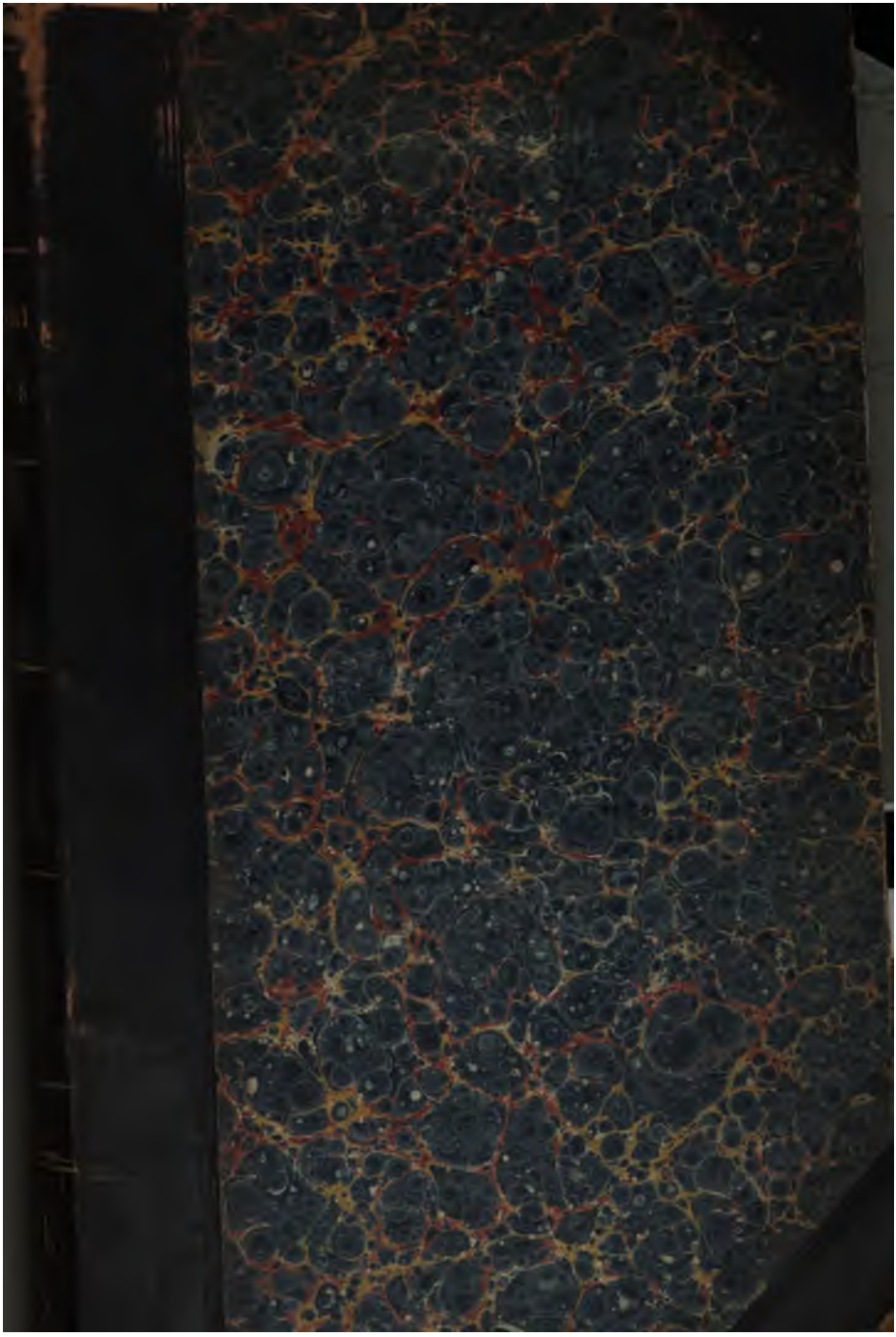
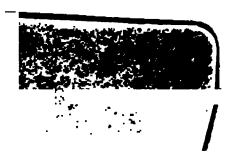




Nautical Essays;

OR,

A SPIRITUAL VIEW

OF THE

OCEAN AND MARITIME AFFAIRS:

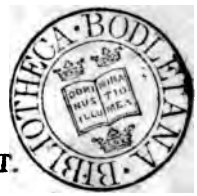
WITH

REFLECTIONS

ON

The Battle of Trafalgar,

AND OTHER EVENTS.



BY THE

AUTHOR OF THE RETROSPECT.

&c. &c. &c.

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PREFACE.

AFTER the substance of some of the shorter Essays which compose this volume had been drawn up and printed in a little tract, for gratuitous or cheap circulation among the more serious part of our brave tars, under the title of "*The Seaman's Spy-glass,*" it was thought, that some further Essays might be added; which, together with anecdotes and reflections on actual events, which passed under the writer's notice, might, altogether, form a little book, not wholly uninteresting or unprofitable to some pious officers and intelligent maritime youths, as well as to a few non-nautical Christians on shore.

Certainly, the Scriptures have authorized this mode of instruction. They have often thus compared and illustrated divine truths; and no one who attentively reads the Bible, and is acquainted with the sea and naval affairs, can for a moment doubt, whether these do not furnish many striking emblems and illustrations of the shortness and uncertainty of time—of the emptiness and vanity of all which this world calls great and good—of the privilege and importance of laying up a treasure in heaven, and of making the Creator and Judge of all the world our friend in time and in eternity.

Knowing that most seafaring people, and many serious characters on shore, have not leisure to read much at any one time, the writer has, in a few instances, brought forward some parts of the same truths under different heads. This to a person who should read all the Essays at one or two sittings, might appear like tedious repetition: but such will bear in mind, that many readers will take up the work, and peruse only a few pages, before duty, or some other circumstance, may cause them to lay it by. Hence it was thought better to give "line upon line, and precept upon precept," than to run the risk of not bringing sufficiently often before the reader what was considered of importance to be always on his mind.

In the reflections on the battle of Trafalgar, the writer has pointed out some errors in religious sentiments, and some failures in Christian obligations; which, though found in men of exalted rank and public fame, he considered it his duty to notice, lest some officers in lower stations and of less distinction should be tempted rather to imitate the frailties and mistakes, than the virtues and commendable actions of these their superiors.

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Nautical Essays.

No. I.

THE NEW LAUNCHED SHIP.

"HAPPY IS HE THAT HATH THE GOD OF JACOB FOR HIS HELP, WHOSE HOPE IS IN THE LORD HIS GOD; WHO MADE HEAVEN AND EARTH, THE SEA, AND ALL THAT THEREIN IS."—Psalm cxlvi. 5, 6.

WHEN we are called to behold a vessel launched, for the first time, into the water, there are many interesting subjects for reflection, which naturally arise out of the circumstances and things that surround us. There are then subjects to gratify the eye, the ear, and the reflecting mind of every by-stander. While flags of various colours are playing wantonly in the air, and sounds of liveliest music are exhilarating the spectators, the vessel's last shore is knocked away, and she rushes forward with majestic state into the briny flood. Meanwhile the loud cheers of the multitude almost rend the air; every countenance bespeaks joyous exultation,

and every tongue is lavish in admiration and praise. But if the multitude at large are extravagant in their commendations, and their high expectations of the new-launched vessel; much more so are the builders and the owner, and he who is to conduct and command her at sea. While she is sliding down the slips into her new element, a bottle of choice wine is thrown at the gay figure-head, and a name is given, which, on many occasions, is at once expressive of these interested men's folly and expectations. If it be a merchant vessel it is called The Abundance, The Diamond, The Crœsus, The Fortunate, The Plutus, or some such name, as indicative of the wealth and treasures which it is expected to pour into its owner's lap. If it be a ship of war, it obtains the title of Invincible, Impregnable, Dreadnought, Defence, Defiance, Victory, or Conqueror;* and while these names

* The writer is no advocate for the superstitious and often blasphemous conduct of the Spaniards and other Roman Catholic countries, in naming ships of war after a tribe of monks and friars, much less in calling them "The Saviours of the World," &c. &c. In this respect we are a *little reformed*. But surely it does not say much either for the piety or good sense of those with whom it remains to designate our vessels, to hunt through the fooleries of the heathen mythology for *Pandora*, *Polyphemus*, &c. &c. when we have so many

are given to the inanimate and passive materials of planks, and cordage, and sails, and cannon; too many of those who gaze on them, and of those who take them to sea, look to the compact arrangement of their materials, and to their own management of them, with such confidence, as often to lead them into the persuasion, that these vessels, so built and conducted, must conquer, that they must and will be impregnable and invincible. But He, "who made the heavens and earth, the sea, and all that therein is," has often shewn us how ill placed such names and such confidence are, in permitting the seas, the flames, or the folly of men, to bring these gallant vessels, with their pompous appellations, into swift and utter destruction.* We may learn from such lessons that his Providence alone can render our ships of war invincible; and his bles-

worthy names on record of those who have lived for the benefit of their fellow-men. Let those who have deserved well of their country be had in honourable remembrance. Let our national ships be called by their names; and then, when the young sea-boy or midshipman enquires who the distinguished individual was, he may have to learn he was one who lived for others rather than for himself.

* Without going back into the distant annals of our maritime losses, it may here be observed, that it is but a little while ago since the three following ships

sing alone can make the merchant vessel an instrument of prosperity and wealth to its owner.

When we behold the vessel first cleaving the yielding waters, and listen to the voice of joy and gladness which sounds and echoes from deck to deck, we may, indeed, allow our fancies and our interest to figure to ourselves a strange train of visionary splendour and success as the career marked out for the object of our admiration. But, in reality, we know not what its future history may be. As reasonable and disinterested reflecting men, we know that it will have to beat about at sea, to contend with storms and calms, to be endangered by currents and rocks, and sands; to be in frequent peril from the breaking waves, the forked lightning, and the ill-management of the crew.

But how long it may float amidst these dan-

---

were lost in the North Sea, and almost all their crews perished in them; namely,

The Invincible, 74 guns, and 400 of her crew;

The Impregnable, 98 guns, and above 600 of her crew;

The Defence, 74 guns, and above 500 of her crew; with many, very many, others that might be named. Nor can we forget the humiliating result of some of our late encounters with the American ships of war, in which we have been taught that our vessels are neither invincible nor impregnable.

gers and vicissitudes of evil we know not; neither are we acquainted by what event, or in what part of the world, it may be brought to its end. It may founder soon after it leaves port; or it may be set on fire, and consumed in the midst of the waters; it may be torn, as it were, plank from plank, by its labouring and plunging in a troubled ocean and continued hurricane; it may be destroyed or captured by a superior enemy's force; or it may be suddenly dashed to pieces on some sunken rock even while the sky is clear, and a fair wind is supplying its every sail; or it may escape all these perils, and, after weathering many a storm, conquering many an enemy, and visiting many a distant part of the world, it may return in peace, and in its own port end its days, full of honour, and followed with many a long and kind remembrance by those who had once sailed on board.

So when the children of men are born into this world, and launched on the unsettled ocean of life, what extravagant, what ideal hopes and expectations are often formed of them by their fond parents, and partial, infatuated friends! Disregarding the sober voice of experience, and the instructions of Scripture, they figure to themselves nothing but a long train of happiness resulting from the life and pursuits of the infant. The avaricious parent calculates on the wealth

that his son will amass; and the ambitious father on the honours and distinction that his offspring will bring to his family. By and by the object of all their hopes and expectations receives a name expressive of what the parents are fondly dreaming; and mirth, and music, and banquetting, and tumultuous joy, make up the festive scene. There are others, however, who may sincerely wish every possible good for the child, but who cannot indulge in the reveries of the former. Viewing the new-born infant as a descendant of Adam, while the particulars of its future history are hidden with the Almighty, they know that all the sons and daughters of men "are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward;" that if they are permitted to continue the voyage of life for any length of time, they will have to contend with ten thousand dangers, as well from the flesh as the world and Satan. Hence these Christian friends look to the God of Jacob for his help to go with the child that has been baptized with a Christian name. "Their hope is in the Lord their God." For well they know that their infants may go down to the grave soon after they are launched into life; or they may proceed awhile on their voyage, and, unless grace prevent it, be destroyed by the flames of youthful lusts, which war against the soul. Surrounded by the fair winds and cheering skies of

a gracious Providence, they may run on, thoughtless of futurity, inattentive to the advice of friends, and perfectly indifferent to the admonitions of God's word. Hence they may become covetous idolaters, ambitious tyrants, or haughty and presumptuous infidels. The gales of human approbation, and the love of money, may so inflate their souls, that, like an overpressed vessel, they may be upset and perish. The deluging waves of adversity may break repeatedly over them, and they may sink in despondency and despair. Or, escaping all these evils, they may pass through a long and useful life, honouring God by works of faith, and benefiting mankind by labours of love: and having walked watchfully and humbly before the Lord, and, through his grace, surmounted all dangers, they may close their days in a good old age, in the bosom of their own families, and depart in peace, to be for ever with their gracious Lord and Saviour in heaven:

"Where, anchor'd safe, each weary soul
Obtains a port of rest;
Where storms ne'er beat, nor billows roll
Across the peaceful breast."

No. II.

THE LITTLE BOAT.

"FOOLISHNESS IS BOUND IN THE HEART OF A CHILD."
Prov. xxii. 15.

As the writer's ship was one day cruizing in the Atlantic, the man at the mast-head discovered something on the water to leeward, and giving notice to the officer on the quarter-deck, the helm was put up, and, shortly after, we found it was a little jolly-boat or skiff, without oars or sails, or any name on it. No doubt it had once been the property of some merchant-vessel; but now it was floating alone, uninjured, and with but little water in it. It was hoisted on board, and, for a long while afterwards, used as a marketing boat for the officers' servants when in port. This circumstance was brought to the writer's mind the other day by reading, in the newspapers, of a little boat, in which some children and youngsters, having entered to paddle about one of our harbours, the boat and its infant crew were carried by the tide, not only out of the harbour, but even some miles to sea, where a coasting-vessel, providentially disco-

vered the distressed and endangered little sailors, and rescued them from their perilous situation, and conveyed them safe into their own port again.

How often may we behold something in real life of which these two little boats were strikingly emblematical!—But, perhaps, through all the stages and trying scenes of human existence, there are none which they so well prefigure as those of *childhood* and *youth*. Would the reader contemplate an object, at once the most hopeless, the most helpless, and destitute in itself, let him

> "Behold the new-born infant griev'd
> With hunger, thirst, and pain;
> It asks to have its wants reliev'd,
> It knows not to complain.
>
> "Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
> And utters, as it can,
> The woes that in its bosom rise,
> And speak its nature man."

Nor is it enough to say that the well-ordered and diligently-exercised vigilance of the mother or the nurse is sufficient to supply its many wants, and protect its tender person. Who, on the long list of tender mothers and careful nurses, can review the little history of any one child without being struck with amazement and gratitude at the many *visible* interpositions of Pro-

vidence in its behalf, without feeling deeply convinced, that, had not that Providence gone with the little voyager continually, all the solicitude of the nurse, and affectionate watchfulness of the mother united, would have been utterly unable to preserve it from innumerable dangers, nay, from frequent deaths, before it had attained its third or fourth year?

And what is *youth*, even surrounded by all the cautious guards of wise and watchful parents? It is a period in which a few years being added to the date of childhood, only place the individual in thicker dangers, and leave him without the power or wisdom to escape them!—*Youth*, launched on the stage of this life, is like a little skiff pushed off from the shore, and turned adrift on the boisterous sea, the sport of winds, and tides, and waves, without a helm to steer its course, without a hand to trim its sail, or ballast to sustain its weight! Does either, or do both, outride the perils of a single day? It is because an unseen, but ever present and all-powerful, hand has been with them in their goings out and comings in, and has kept them in all their ways. Hence it is that so many, in the after and better part of their days, have taken up the words of the elegant and pious Addison, and thus expressed their feelings:

" When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

" Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent tomb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

" Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Long ere my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

" When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe
And led me up to man.

" Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they."

How sweet, how blessed a subject is this for both youth and old age to meditate on! If every wayfaring pilgrim on earth were but duly impressed with the universal and particular providence of his Heavenly Father, how many rough places would be made plain, how many crooked things would then be made straight! How refreshing is it to those on whom the storms of adversity and trouble are breaking, to bear in mind,

that not a sparrow falls to the ground without divine permission; and that the hairs of our head are all numbered! (Matt. x. 29—31.) How cheering, under every gloomy cloud, to remember, that the same Omnipotent Being, who hath drawn the boundaries of the great deep, and restrained their proud waves with this decree: "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further;" that He is the same gracious God who provides for the half-famished young ravens when they cry, and superintends all, even the most minute affairs of men! This is a subject ever big with matter for admiration and praise. It is a theme which opens an unbounded field; where the grateful heart may expand in love and adoration; until it is carried to that mount from whence David formerly looked round, and exclaimed, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"—"Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee; if I should declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered." In ten thousand instances is the Almighty about our beds, and about our paths, for good, when we neither know of our dangers nor of our deliverances. But will these, at present unseen, interpositions

be always unseen and unknown? I think not:—certainly it is not stepping beyond the bounds of scriptural authority to say, that, hereafter, when the dark glass of mortality is taken away, we shall see our Redeemer face to face, and "know him, even as we are also known." In that clear vision, and mighty enlargement of knowledge, the redeemed in heaven will be able to look back, and see all the way by which the Lord led them, and to discover all the links which composed that chain of providences which, at last, conducted them to a city of habitation.—On earth we know how much

> "Blind unbelief is sure to err,
> And scan his works in vain."

But, in heaven, the Eternal Author of all grace and providence will be "his own interpreter," and enlarge the faculties and conceptions of his children to an extent that no human intellect can listen to or understand. Now, indeed, our apprehensions of the Divine Being go but little beyond those of the children's in the boat; and, as touching what remains to be revealed, we speak as children, we understand as children, we think as children. But when the soul has put off this mortal coil, and has attained the full stature of a perfect and glorified saint, then our present limited and imperfect knowledge will be done

away; then the Saviour himself, and all the hierarchy of heaven, will make known to us ten thousand circumstances connected with our pilgrimage state, which we neither did nor could enter into while tabernacling in the body. This, I conceive, is no flight into the wild regions of fancy, but scriptural soberness and truth. And oh! what an inexhaustible source of increasing gratitude and pure delight will it be, from one period, so to speak, of eternity to another; to look back from the heights and joys of heaven, to those days when we sailed the ocean of life, and were so often "tempest tossed, and half a wreck." How inexpressibly delightful, at every glance, to discover additional instances and fresh proofs of that providence and grace which attended us through the whole voyage of our probationary and perilous state! Then shall we in an especial manner see, and exultingly acknowledge, that

"In childhood and in youth
His eye was on us still,
Tho' strangers to his love and truth,
And prone to thwart his will."

No. III.

THE FLEET SAILING OUT OF PORT.

"YE KNOW NOT WHAT SHALL BE ON THE MORROW."
James, iv. 14.

THE inhabitants of our mercantile ports are frequently gratified by the sight of a numerous assemblage of vessels going to sea at the same time. A cloud of shipping, embracing the same tide, and spreading their sails to the same auspicious breeze, are, in two or three hours, found to quit the harbour, and proceed on their various and respective voyages. This is so interesting a sight, that it appears to rouse the attention of the most phlegmatic and sordid of the inhabitants. They all stand, and, for a season, gaze, and make their observations, and express their admiration. Yet the generality of these spectators are caught only by the appearances of the moment. The scene which engages their eyes is particularly calculated to interest and edify the reflecting mind. But alas! few men ever reflect; and therefore the fleet sails, and its remembrance vanishes as soon as the hazy horizon conceals the distant canvass from their view.

Let it not be so with the reader. These numerous vessels, which, a little while ago, lay moored side by side in the same harbour, will, in all human probability, never all meet there again. As it respects the majority of them, there was a great variety in their size and distinction, their age, and cargo, and owners. Yet, out of the whole fleet, not a few might be selected of nearly the same tonnage, age, and freight; but now these also, once out at sea, are destined to different parts of the globe; they have different objects in view, and different plans laid down, whereby it is hoped their respective objects and ends will be attained. For a little while they all proceed down Channel together; but, as the wide ocean opens before them, they strike off into a multiplicity of different directions, and every day their course diverges wider and wider from each other, until, by and by, they are scattered over the face of the world. Some return after a short absence, and others after a very protracted one. Some are successful, and others quite the reverse. Some fall into the hands of pirates, and others founder at sea, and return no more! In short, as was stated concerning the "*New-launched Vessel*," so it is with the fleet at large. An infinitude of different trials, dangers, and circumstances diversify their history, their progress, and their end; so that the eye which just now

saw them all sail together, so much resembling each other, shall so behold them no more. Happy for their crews, and for almost all connected with them, that, at the time of sailing, no man could say what awaited each ship. Such a foreknowledge would have produced immense mischief; those over whom calamities were suspended and about to fall, would have been rendered unfit to contend with the misfortunes of the voyage, by a depression of spirits and anticipation of coming evil. Those who knew their lot was to be exempt from such trials, would have been tempted to live in unwatchful ease, or riot and licentiousness. Whenever I behold a group of children and youngsters collected together, exhibiting their gambols in a summer's evening, on our village green, or drawn round my neighbours' cottage fire-sides in cold and rainy weather, my mind is always inclined to run into a train of musings, similar to those I conceive so natural on the view of a fleet of shipping, crowded together in harbour to-day, but which are to sail to-morrow, and to pursue so many different routes, and experience so many different fortunes, in various parts of the world. This may appear trifling to some readers, but to myself it has assumed the air of importance. From the consideration of the checkered complicated state of human life

in general, and of my own past days in particular, I have often found my mind deeply interested while viewing these groups of children, and, in idea, following each little individual, like a bark across the sea, through all the mazes and fluctuations of its future years. These guileless rustics, young, and but little versed in the *real* griefs and sorrows of humanity, may be often seen sporting along the flowery path of childhood, in thoughtless happy ignorance of those cares which will hereafter intersect their way, and mingle, as corrosive bitters, in much of their future lot. Nor would I needlessly break up their cheerful play, or dash their cup of youthful enjoyment to the ground, or nauseate the draught by casting in the unpleasant mixture of a tale

> "Of all those thousand thousand nameless ills,
> That one incessant struggle render life,
> One scene of toil, of suffering, and of woe."

This would be cruelty to them, and it would be useless to their suffering friends; yet, though I do not explain to these young travellers the various evils that beset their path, I nevertheless ruminate on them in my own mind, and often offer up the mental prayer, that He who once invited little children to his arms, and smiled on, and blessed them, would draw my

youthful village flock by his Spirit, and continue to guide them through all the windings and difficulties of their way, even to his heavenly kingdom. Nor can I think but all reflecting parents, as well as ministers, must often find their minds thus occupied. The former see their tender babes housed, at present, under the same roof, checked by the same reprovers, and taught by the same lessons; in their features, and all their exterior, they, perhaps, trace a wonderful similarity; and it may be, that the highest gratification of these children to-day consists in being near their beloved parents. All this is more than pleasing; it calls for gratitude and praise to the Author of all good. Yet the intelligent and reflecting parent, while viewing these collected groups revelling on the same green, sporting on the same carpet, or placed round the same table, cannot forget how they will one day resemble the fleet after it has quitted the harbour. They cannot forget how widely a few short years may remove them from the present spot, and from each other; how diversified their respective portions may be on earth; how widely the inclinations of their minds, and the pursuits and labours of their hands, may diverge from each other, as the voyage of life is increased; nay,

how different will be the account these individuals will have to give in at the bar of heaven, when their fair and prosperous means of grace, and their foul and dangerous storms of spiritual evil, are brought to a close: when "he that is unjust must remain unjust still, and he that is filthy must remain filthy still, and he that is righteous must remain righteous still, and he that is holy must remain holy still." When the Lord Jesus shall present himself as their impartial judge, and "give to every one according to his works." Rev. xxii. 11, 12.

Such meditations will intrude; and when they do, they will occasionally give rise to many anxious doubts and fears; such as vain philosophy and the jargon of grovelling earthly minds can never satisfy or dispel. But though philosophy and worldly arguments cannot compose the agitated spirit, there is one that can; there is an *Instructor* and a *Comforter* who can speak peace to every sorrowing heart; one, who is not only almighty, but, having tasted largely of all the sorrows and trials of his children, is both able and willing to support them in every time of need. Happy, thrice happy, are those parents, who have learned to place their trust in him; to cast their children and their all on his shoulders, where the go-

vernment of men and angels has ever rested, and where it will ever continue to rest. Isaiah, ix. 6. Such parents may leave the events of future years, and all the changes connected with their children's lives, to him who bids us commit our ways unto him, and promises to direct all our paths. Prov. iii. 6. He, indeed, is surrounded by the songs and hallelujahs of heaven; but still, he regards with unceasing and tender care, the frail and needy children of men. His compassionate and unequalled consideration of our infirmities, has led him repeatedly to warn us against distressing ourselves with *anxious* thoughts and unavailing fears and sorrows about the morrow: first, because we know not what the morrow may bring forth; and, secondly, because he has, himself promised to sustain us under every load, when we cast our cares and distresses on him. Psalm lv. 22. It is his mere mercy that has drawn the veil over our eyes, and will not permit us to see afar off, lest the knowledge and view of distant evils should embitter the few comforts which we now enjoy.

Could many a parent read the history of only twenty coming years, and learn what dangers, what difficulties and snares, these years would bring upon their children: or could the children see, as in a glass, the same sad train of im-

pending and approaching evils, the view would often weigh both parents and children down in the bitterness of sorrow, and crush them to the grave. Hence we can perceive in what compassion

" Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
Or who would suffer being here below?
The lamb our riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he our reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future, kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n."

One straight and simple path of duty is marked out for ministers, and masters, and parents, and that is, *to work while it is called to-day;* to lay ourselves out according to our stations and abilities; to live for the edification and good of all within our reach; to instruct, to rebuke, to exhort, with all long-suffering and patience; "to be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know our labour is not in vain in the Lord." Then, however separated by death or different vocations, or the untold calamities and providences of life, our separation will be but for a time. Some souls, over whom we have

watched and prayed, will meet us before the throne of God and the Lamb,

" Where all the tempestuous blast
Of bitter affliction is o'er,
Where partings are ended and past,
And sorrow and pain are no more;
Where snares and temptations are gone,
And trials are all at an end,
Where hence we shall cease to bemoan
The loss of a child or a friend."

No. IV.

THE PRESS-GANG.

"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD TO THEM THAT LOVE GOD." Rom. viii. 28.

AMONG the many evils which war brings with it in every country, that of separating men from their own homes and kindred, and compelling them to go forth to battle against their own will, is certainly none of the least. The conscription in France, and the militia and impress services of this and other countries, have thus been the fruitful sources of vast evil and sorrow, in tearing asunder many of the nearest and dearest friends on earth. It is not the writer's intention to enter on the discussion of the lawfulness and expediency, or the unlawfulness and inexpediency of these measures, or of the wars that lead to their adoption. The evil still exists, and is extensively and severely felt; and this is enough for his purpose. Allowing, however, for a moment, that sometimes the public good and safety of the country may call for these harsh measures; yet, when we

think of the brutality and hardened feelings of those who compose our press-gangs, and of the fears and sorrows which their presence bring into the domestic circle of many a family, one cannot but anxiously desire the arrival of that day when war shall be learned no more. To a person not entirely dead to all the sympathies of nature, it is, and ever must be, a most distressing sight, to behold the husband torn from his distracted wife and shrieking children; and the son wrested, by violence, from the arms of his fond parents, and brothers and sisters, to see them, in all probability, no more, at least to go from them he knows not whither, and to return to them he knows not when. The last look that these separating friends take of each other is full of all the reality of distress; nor is it matter of much surprise, if both those who are so hurried to the wars, and those who remain to weep and lament over their bereavement, are tempted to conclude, that the Lord Jehovah has ceased to rule and reign over the affairs of men; or that his tender mercies are withdrawn from their land, or at least from their household, especially when they call to mind how many of those husbands, and fathers, and sons fall every year beneath the innumerable destructions of war, and return to their relatives and their homes no more. Yet, gloomy as this picture is, it has its

enlivening colours, and its bright as well as its dark side. Here the writer wishes it to be fully understood, that he speaks the result of actual knowledge and experience. Yes, if the arbitrary impress service tears away many men to return no more, and some to return more profligate than when they departed, it has, in many other instances, only separated dear friends for a season, and has returned many, much wiser and better characters than it found them. Many a poor boy has been taken out of a merchant ship, filthy, and so ignorant of God and the Bible, as not to be able to distinguish his letters, or to tell who created and preserved him; and not a few of these have found all the advantages of schools, and cleanliness, and order, and discipline, in the ships of war on board of which they were conveyed: nay, some of the brightest ornaments of the British navy once moved in the humble sphere of coasting sea-boys, and by the very events, so forbidding in their first appearance, were led on to rank, and wealth, and honour. But what is of infinitely more importance than all these things, many a poor reprobate seaman and landsman, who all their lives had continued in ignorance and contempt of God and of a future state, while in the merchant service or on the shore, have found pious godly characters on board of a man of war, and

have themselves been led to attend to the things that made for their everlasting peace. Hence, in the acquisition and practice of Christian principles, Christians have become wiser and happier men than they ever were before. At the conclusion of the late war, when our navy was paid off, how many pleasing instances of this nature might be seen! Many a father returned home, not only to expend his strength in procuring the bread which perishes, but to labour, amidst his children, to furnish their souls with that bread which endures to everlasting life. Many a Bible now lies on the cottage shelf, which once was read, and prayed, and wept over on board of a man of war, or in a barrack room; and many a person may be found, who, at this moment, lives to bless that Providence which, by steps once so dark and distressing, led him to see his spiritual danger, and brought his soul acquainted with Jesus Christ, the way, the truth, and the life. Yes, I repeat it, many a father, and many a son, who could not distinguish one letter from another when they were hurried into a regiment or on board of a ship of war, have returned well instructed, and are now employed in teaching their households to read the word of life. So true it is, that in a variety of instances of this nature,

" God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

" Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will."

Should these lines ever meet the eye of any poor disconsolate wife or mother, who is weeping over the recollection of her absent impressed husband or child, let such mourner be assured, that though a thousand leagues of the watery ocean roll between them and the object of their tears, yet, at that distance, the arm and the eye of a gracious God can reach them for good; and, in that very place and society, where some, from ignorance and mistake, may imagine that all is wretchedness, tyranny, and profaneness, there often is found much real comfort, kindness, and fear of the Lord. It certainly is no more than bare justice to the officers of the British navy to say, that the greater part of them are far more attentive to the health and comfort of those under their command, than the majority of masters and mistresses on shore are, as it respects their labourers and domestics. This the writer speaks most

positively, as the result of his cool and continued observations at sea and on shore.

But should these pages meet the eye of any who, after lamenting through several years of separation and disappointment their beloved relatives, have at last received the mournful tidings, that those whose absence they mourned are gone down to the dead—should these sorrowful tidings be followed by all the chilling blasts of poverty and want, and aggravated by the frowns and injustice of a hard-hearted world —should the widow's tears and the orphan's supplications unite for food and raiment, and cruel men, for a time, lend a deaf ear to all their lamentations, yet, even then, the sufferers may be assured, that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and that his providence still rules the world, and over-rules all the transactions of its inhabitants. However gloomy our present circumstances, yet, if we are but among the number of those who fear and love his name—if, in the midst of our troubles, we commit ourselves and all our concerns into his hands, we may rest assured of this, that he will make all things work together for our good. He will bring real good out of seeming evil; and in the end, our souls will praise his name for the bitter trials which once almost overwhelmed us. Satan indeed will, at such seasons, be at hand to instil unbelieving

and hard thoughts of God into our minds; but what says the whole tenour of Scripture? It speaks to the following effect:

"Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r."

No. V.

THE CONVOY AT SEA.

"JESUS SAID UNTO HIM, FOLLOW ME."—Matt. viii. 22.

IN times of war, merchant vessels wait for, and sail under, the protection and guidance of the king's ships. Every vessel hoists a distinguishing vane, and has instructions given her; and all are commanded to observe and obey them, and to watch and follow the commodore's motions. It is their wisdom to observe and obey his signals, and their safety consists in being near him. But some are so perverse, that, after receiving instructions, and joining the fleet, they seem to try how they can neglect and disobey their orders. In the day time they are running too far a-head, and in the night, either dropping greatly astern, or losing sight of the commodore's lights altogether.

When signal guns are disregarded, he sometimes fires a shot over them. This, for a little while, alarms the inattentive and unruly, and they make sail; but soon they again fall astern, or run straggling too far to starboard or port;

the consequence of which often is, that some lurking privateer cuts them off, and conveys them into an enemy's harbour, while their obedient and attentive comrades are proceeding on, and, by and by, arrive with the commodore at their intended port.

In like manner, this world is, in a spiritual sense, one continued scene of warfare. We profess that at our baptism we came under the command of Christ, the captain of man's salvation. In the Holy Scriptures we receive our instructions how to act on every emergency; and all of us are alike commanded to observe the word and the providences of our heavenly Leader. This is not only our duty, but our privilege. Our greatest wisdom is to look *constantly* to these signals; and our greatest, nay, our only, safety consists in living near to Christ. This all Christians know and experience to their souls' comfort. But alas! there are many, who nominally join the convoy of Christ, and receive his instructions, who never obey them, and who feel no real desire to do so. And many there are who for a time run well, but in seasons of temptation fall away. The world, and satan, and their own perverse wills lead them from time to time far from the straight and narrow path of life. They run further and further into crooked ways; and, frequently, fall so far away, that the enemy,

finding them at a great distance from Christ, by one delusion or another, gets them completely into his own power, and makes them his easy, and, often, his willing prey.—Alas, for them! if the regions of darkness and despair can be ten times more intolerable for some than for others, they will be so to those who have had the faires opportunities of escaping them; but who would not attend to their mercies, or know the day of their visitation.—Had there been no way for such to escape that judgement, which ultimately overtakes them, then the agonies of a future punishment would be less tormenting; because they would not have to accuse themselves as the authors of their own misery. But to know that an open door of mercy, and a city of refuge, were set before them; that the long forbearance of their gracious, but neglected, leader was exercised time after time towards them; to remember how they once heard and received; how the same instructions, the same cautions, the same assistance, were freely offered to them in common with those of their neighbours who watched and prayed, and followed on to obey their Lord unto the end, and were finally saved; in one word, to know that it was they themselves, and not satan, who closed the door of mercy on their souls,—this will make the misery of the condemned more intolerable than every thing else. There is, in-

deed a great gulph fixed between those who have followed the Lord faithful unto the end, and those who have neglected or forsaken him. But though that gulph confines the unhappy spirits to their own place, it does not confine their thoughts, nor destroy their powers of recollection. They can and do remember the day when they professed to follow Christ. They remember all his gracious rebukes and threatenings, all his promises and loving commands, and how they slighted or fled from them. From the recollection of these their thoughts follow him where he is; and, it may be, their eyes behold him, and many with whom they once lived and worshipped, who are now in heaven, while they themselves are shut out.

Now it seldom happens that those who break convoy, and fall into the enemies' hands, ever see the face of their slighted commander again. It would be no small aggravation of their sufferings were he to visit them in prison, and there call them to account, and punish them for their folly and disobedience. But the pretended Christians who once joined, and afterwards forsook, the convoy of Christ, must behold him whom they disobeyed and forsook. No sooner is the soul absent from the body than it is present with the Lord, and receives the first part of its sentence; and at the last day both soul and body

must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, the obedient and the disobedient. The righteous and the wicked will then once more behold each other; and all will look upon that Judge who once offered to lead and conduct them by his counsel and power through the voyage of this life, and afterwards to receive them to his glory. At that day, what different emotions will fill the breasts of the different tribes! Joy unspeakable and full of glory will possess the one! Despair and unutterable anguish will seize on the other! Hence then, since many a vessel belonging to the convoy fails of making her intended port, and since many a professing Christian comes short of the kingdom of heaven, let the language of our souls be

"If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having griev'd thy love.

"O may the least omission pain
My well instructed soul!
And drive me to Christ's blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole."

No. VI.

THE GOOD COMMODORE.

"I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD, AND KNOW MY SHEEP, AND AM KNOWN OF MINE."—John, x. 14.

A GOOD commodore is very anxious to bring all his fleet safe into port. If an enemy appears in sight, he places himself between the foe and his convoy, and determines, so long as he floats a gun above water, that not one of his friends shall be captured. For their protection he is ready to fight, and bleed, and die. Having driven off the adversary he rejoices to rejoin his alarmed convoy, and to conduct them on the remainder of the voyage. They, on their parts, cheer him as their best friend and protector: and the more they observe the shot-holes in his sides and canvass, and the knots and splices in his rigging, the more they venerate him, and determine to obey *all* his orders; not half so much from fear of his authority, which they know to be great, as from downright gratitude and love. He, on the other hand, is constantly noticing the state and situation of every vessel; shorten-

ing sail for the dull sailers, assisting the distressed, ordering the strong and fast ships to stay by the smaller, and himself, as necessity requires, taking one or two of the most feeble and crazy ones in tow. He loses none but such as, through obstinacy and disobedience, separate themselves, and quit convoy to pursue their own headstrong course.

Thus our gracious Leader, the Lord Jesus Christ, is anxious to bring safe into his Heavenly Father's kingdom all who put themselves under his guidance, mercy, and protection. He contends with all our spiritual enemies; nor will he allow hell or earth to capture one soul that hangs on, and looks up to him for help. He was well content to suffer, bleed, and die that we might live. And now he has rejoined the hosts of heaven, and taken his seat at the right hand of power, he rejoices to protect, and conduct us throughout. When his humble, loving children contemplate the wounds he received, and the agonies he endured for them, they feel their souls filled with fresh love and gratitude, and determine, through his grace and assistance, to follow and obey him with all their hearts. He, on the other hand, notices all their endeavours to do so. He compassionates the weak and trembling. He smiles encouragement on the timid. He assists and refreshes those in dis-

tress; takes the most feeble and desponding, as it were, in tow; carries them in his bosom, and patiently tarries for those who unfortunately drop behind. None will he leave but such as obstinately, and perseveringly, grieve and resist his Holy Spirit, rebel against his known will, cease to abide in, or with him, and who, in short, determine that he shall not reign over, or rule and conduct them.

Many a soul may be found who has been taught this blessed lesson by happy experience. Let the world run after its idols and its empty bubbles if it pleases; the experienced Christian will follow Christ as his chief good, will esteem him as the pearl of great price,—the good shepherd,—the captain of his salvation. Hence, when such a character falls in with a poor sin-burthened fellow-creature, one who, having run far among the shoals of destruction, is at length become sensible of his danger, and begins to cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" the reply is, "Look unto Christ: believe in the Lord Jesus Christ: follow with an eye of faith, and with a spirit of humility and contrition, that Lamb of God, who died to redeem a lost world, and then rose for its justification." With such advice as this the experimental Christian lifts up the mourner's head, and bids him hope, since it is an unquestionable truth that

"The Lord, who once on Calvary bled,
And rose triumphant from the dead,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The friend of man's apostate race.

"There, as our advocate, he reigns,
Touch'd with the feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

"In every pang that rends the heart,
This man of sorrow bears a part:
In all our grief, our grief He shares,
And save our souls from satan's snares."

Well might this adorable Saviour say, "if any man loves father, or mother, or house, or land, more than me, he is not worthy of me." Well might he declare, "If any man is ashamed of me, and of my gospel, in this sinful and adulterous generation, of him I will be ashamed, when I come in the glory of my Father, with my holy angels, to gather my children from the four winds of the earth." Indeed, such is the value which all intelligent and spiritually-minded Christians put on Christ, as their leader, their friend, and their sin-atoning Saviour, that

"Though men despise them and revile,
They think the trial small;
Whoever frowns, if Jesus smile,
They gladly welcome all.

"When cheer'd with faith's sublimer joys,
They mount on eagle's wings,
And count as dross, and empty toys
The pride and pomp of kings."

No. VII.

THE RIVER STREAM.

"REDEEMING THE TIME."—Ephes. v. 16.

WHOEVER dwells near the banks of any of our great rivers need not be told how continually the stream is passing by every rude and every lovely object, and carrying down all its floating contents from one station and turning to another, until, at last, it empties itself and all that it contains into the boundless ocean. Nature, with a thousand voices, seems to entreat the fugitive waters to stop, to overflow and enrich the different meadows; to supply the roots of innumerable flowers, and plants, and shrubs with its longer bounties; but the current, unmindful of all entreaties, passes on, imparting to each some refreshment by the way, but it rests not with any.

This is a striking emblem of time; which, in defiance of all opposition, and in disregard of all entreaty from the youthful and the rich, the aged and the poor, continues to sweep along by the palaces of kings and the huts of cottagers,

emptying every residence of its inhabitants, carrying them from one stage and turning of life to another, until it has conveyed their tenants, numerous and diversified as they are, into the boundless ocean of eternity itself. All worldly men seem desirous to bribe its flight; or rather, they try to forget it is on the wing. Time however flows on, alike indifferent to the madness and entreaties of the great, and to the murmurings and discontent of the poor. It indeed carries fruitfulness, and imparts blessings *to all* by the way; such blessings as would enable them to bring forth fruit to the glory of God, and thence to enjoy a happy eternity, would they but husband well what it bestows. But alas! while it is with them they neglect its advantages, and only when it is passing for ever away, do they begin to see its value, and then it is in vain to wish its return, or to entreat its stay. So true it is, that

> "Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
> Bears all its sons away;
> They fly, forgotten, as a dream
> Dies at the opening day."

Unhappy, heedless children of this world! when will ye become wise? When will ye understand these things, and consider what makes for your everlasting peace? Do ye not know that all beneath the sun is hastening to an end? That, gay

as the world may now appear, and bright as some of its vanities may, for a moment, sparkle in the eye of the distant observer, yet the whole must soon perish! The poet stated a solemn truth when he said,

> "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind!"

Nay, from the volume of inspiration, we know that the material heavens themselves shall hereafter, as, "in an instant, pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." We are now, indeed, often lulled into a state of apathy and unconcern, merely because the exhibition of this tremendous scene has in mercy been so long delayed. With the sceptics of old many are now ready to ask "Where is the promise of his coming? forgetting, that one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." Should the reader be among these infatuated men, let me implore him to awake from his delusion, and to meditate for a few seconds on this momentous subject, and attend to St. Peter's application of it: "Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought we to

be in all holy conversation and godliness?" (2 Peter, iii. 11.)

Reader! art thou thus improving the subject? Dost thou so reflect on the rapidity of time, and the final "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," as, through grace, to seek and ensure a crown that fadeth not away? In the contemplation of the end of the world, and of thine own earlier exit, art thou able to say, "I, according to his promise, look for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness?" And thus looking for "another and a better world," art thou using all diligence to be found of thy Lord and Saviour in peace, without spot, and blameless? If this be not, at present, thy case, may the Almighty stir up thine heart to work while it is called to-day;—to watch and pray, and improve this invaluable talent, and all the gracious seasons and means which it brings with it! May a long-forbearing and compassionate God, in future, preserve thee and myself from the destructive snare of deferring the work of to-day until the morrow arrives! May we be faithful to our convictions, and more attentive to the still small voice of the Holy Ghost within us; nor ever again say to this kind reprover, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."

O! the madness, the folly of those men who imagine that, while they can forget their approaching end, that end forbears its approach towards them! Let the mariner stand on the sea-beach, and call to the passing tide to stop, and reverse its course. Let the rich and the profligate on shore bid the sun stand still in the firmament, and command the moon not to go down. And when these obey their voice, then, and not before, may the wasters, the neglecters of time expect its disregarded and abused mercies to be returned and repeated to them. O Heavenly Father, for thy blessed son Jesus Christ's sake, and for the glory of thine own great name,

"Teach us that name to fear;
Spread an alarm abroad;
And cry in every careless ear
Prepare to meet thy God!"

No. VIII.

NAVIGATING THE SHIP.

"WATCH AND PRAY, THAT YE ENTER NOT INTO TEMPTATION." Matt. xxvi. 41.

"EXAMINE YOURSELVES, WHETHER YE BE IN THE FAITH." 2 Cor. xiii. 5.

In vain would it be to fit out the finest ship in the best and most expensive manner; in vain to put the most valuable cargo on board, and to send her to sea in the fairest season, and under the most flattering circumstances; in vain, I say, would all this care and expence, and all these advantages be, if, when she got into deep water, the log, and compass, and quadrant were to be neglected. She might float a few leagues, indeed, but as to circumnavigating the globe, and returning safe, and enriched at last, there would be no hopes of such events; on the contrary, the ship, and men, and cargo would, sooner or later, be lost. Of this seamen are so confident, that they would not sail on board a vessel whose officers were likely to act so mad

a part. Hence at sea there is great care taken to keep the log going, to steer by the compass, to consult the chart, to obtain soundings, and get observations of the sun and other heavenly bodies by the quadrant as often as possible. Every careful navigator sees to all these things, and settles his reckoning, and endeavours to find the bearings and distance of the nearest land, and of his intended port, at least once in every four and twenty hours.

So with respect to man. In vain are all his best natural faculties of mind, his valuable helps of education, his fair and smiling prospects in the world; these will avail nothing towards conducting him safe and happy across this dangerous sea of life, to a heavenly kingdom, unless they are brought into constant and suitable use. Nor can all the natural and worldly advantages that ever distinguished man conduct his soul to heaven, without the grace of God attending, and blessing, and sanctifying all his natural gifts. This being the case, it becomes necessary for the most rich and learned, as well as for the poor and illiterate, to use every means of grace in their power, to hear the word of God, to pray, to meditate, to watch their steps, to bridle their tongue, to suppress their anger, to regulate their whole course by the compass of Scripture. Without this they may, indeed, for a

season, *appear* to go on as well as others, and, for a time, even to prosper; but shortly they will strike on some fatal rock, or founder in the whirlpools of ignorance, infidelity, or presumption. This the thoughtful Christian knows, and, therefore, he consults his Bible as the chart which is to point out his various dangers across this perilous and intricate ocean. From time to time, by self-examination, he fathoms his own heart, and compares its soundings with those laid down in the map of God's word. He looks forward, and calculates on approaching dangers and temptations, and then directs his eyes to heaven to Jesus Christ the Sun of Righteousness, for wisdom and grace to avoid them. His prayer is,

"Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by,
Throughout the evil day!
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

"Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gath'ring frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,
O save me, or I die!"

This is the way by which he discovers what progress he has made towards the port of heaven, how far he has been driven back, or where, and how wide he has deviated from the due course. He knows that of himself he has no power, nor even a will to shun surrounding evils; he is certain that God must work in him both to will and to do: but then he also knows, that the Spirit of God is given to them who ask it; that he is commanded to seek and ask this all-sufficient Guide, and by rightly occupying with each entrusted talent, to work out his own salvation with fear and trembling; and, therefore, he often endeavours to stir up his soul by some such prayers as these:

"Jesu, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care;
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.

"If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in his wings;

"Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

" When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear;
Return, and walk in Christ thy way;
Fly back to Christ; for sin is near."

No. IX.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF WIND AND TIDE.

"I MUST WORK THE WORKS OF HIM THAT SENT ME, WHILE IT IS DAY: THE NIGHT COMETH WHEN NO MAN CAN WORK."—John, ix. 4.

EVERY seaman knows how absolutely necessary it is that those who have the conducting of boats or ships should understand and take advantage of wind and tides while they are in their favour; because experience and common sense have taught them, that "wind and tide stay for no man." Hence they see the wisdom of catching a fair breeze when they can, and of making the most of it while it continues. When they are at sea, they also put the same wise principles into action; they watch every shift of wind, and brace up or square the yards accordingly; at one time hauling the bowlings, and at another slacking off the sheets; at one time sailing on the starboard tack, and at another on the larboard, as may best suit to the varying element they have to contend with. Hence it is, that with the same wind, by skilful and proper ma-

nagement, twenty different vessels may at the same time be sailing on twenty different points of the compass. It is by this watchfulness and skill, accompanied with the blessing of Divine Providence, that so many ships pass in all directions on the bosom of the great deep, to their various destinations. If, however, men go on board a ship, who are too ignorant or too idle to take advantage of flowing tides, and fair and leading winds, it is no marvel if they lie wind-bound in a foreign country, or perish at sea; while their more skilful and persevering neighbours return home in safety and peace.

So it is in spiritual things. "There are sea-"sons and fair gales of grace for our souls, gol-"den opportunities of salvation afforded to men, "the neglect of which proves the loss and ruin "of souls. God hath given unto man a day of "visitation or opportunity, which he hath li-"mited, (Heb. iv. 7.) and keeps an exact ac-"count of every year, month, and day that we "have enjoyed this favourable season; as ap-"pears in Luke, xiii. 7.—Jeremiah, xxv. 3, 4. "—Luke, xix. 42. The longest date of this "fair wind, this favourable season of grace, can "be but the time of this life; this is our day to "work in, and upon this small wire the whole "weight of eternity hangs. But sometimes this "season of grace is ended before the night of

"death comes: 'the accepted time' is gone;' "men frequently outlive it. (Luke, xix. 44.—2 "2 Corinthians, vi. 2.) Or, if the outward "means of grace be continued, yet the Spirit "many times withdraws from those means, and "ceases any more to strive with men; and then "the blessing, power, and efficacy are gone "from them, and instead thereof, a stupid har- "dened curse seizes them; as we find expressed "in Heb. vi. 7, 8, and Jerem. vi. 29." Of what immense importance then it is that we should watch, and study, and take all advantages of these blessed winds and tides, these favourable visitations, these leading opportunities of grace! How necessary to trim every sail, every faculty of the soul, to all the various gracious providences of God;—that we sail with every favourable gale, until, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, we have run our distance, finished our voyage, and received our crown.

"How tenderly did our blessed Saviour be- "wail Jerusalem on this account! 'O that thou "hadst known, at least in this thy day, the "things which belong unto thy peace! but now "they are hid from thine eyes.' (Luke, xix. 42.) "Oh! what precious seasons of grace have "many men enjoyed! Yet these precious gales "have blown upon them to no purpose! The "Spirit has waited and strove with them in

"vain."* They have resisted the Holy Ghost, as their comrades did before them.

This was the case with the poor infatuated Israelites, whom the Lord led for forty years in the wilderness, and before whose eyes he made so many of his judgments and mercies to pass. But they tempted and resisted his Spirit, and almost broke the heart of Moses, when he exclaimed, "Oh, that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" (Deut. xxxii. 29.)

And where is there a Christian minister, or a Christian seaman, who does not see abundant cause to make the same exclamation, whichever way he turns his eyes?

For a certainty there are few families who could not furnish striking and melancholy comments on the folly of men in trifling away their most favourable means of grace, and precious opportunities of salvation. But not many of them will tell the world what their despairing dying relatives have told them. And why will they not? Because they love to follow the former negligence, ignorance, and worldly-mindedness of their departed friends, rather than their late wise and solemn admonitions. Hence so many death-bed sermons, so many dying entreaties, and injunctions are, as much as possible, for-

* See Flavell's Navigation Spiritualized, chap. ix.

gotten by the surviving members of the household, and never made known to the world.

Well does the writer of these pages remember almost the last words of lamentation which a very near and dear female relation uttered to the minister who attended her a short time previous to her death. He was then a giddy youth, so young as to be permitted to remain in the room while the elder ones withdrew, and the awful subjects of death and judgment were discoursed on by his relative and her pastor. Little, very little, of these matters did the writer then know, and less, if possible, did he wish to consider them. He therefore, for some time, paid no attention to what was said, until his relative uttered one sentence with such uncommon emotion, as at once roused his attention, thoughtless as he then was. Nor have her words, and her manner of uttering them, ever long together escaped his mind from that day up to the present hour. "O Sir, Sir," exclaimed the distressed and dying woman, "I have often, in the days of health, been walking out in the fields when others have been going to church.—I have been seeking my own amusement when others were seeking the Lord in different places of divine worship."

This was all which the writer attended to. He does not recollect what reply or advice the

minister gave; nor does he know how far his poor relation seemed to obtain scriptural hope or Christian peace before she died. But her lamentations over neglected Sabbaths, and abused means of grace, now for ever gone by, did at that time so fasten on his mind, as to defy all the vicissitudes of time and place to obliterate. Nor was it very long after he quitted the shore, and embarked on the great deep, ere he was called to stand by the dying bed of his most early naval friend and commander, and to receive his last look and his last words,—words of lamentation for having neglected to work out his own salvation with fear and trembling while it was called to-day; seeing the night of death was close at hand, nay, had overtaken him, even that night wherein no man can work.

Surely, if ever one truth were fully established on earth, it is that contained in Solomon's declaration concerning the unconverted men of this world: "The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their hearts while they live." (Eccles. ix. 3.)

Let every thoughtful Christian then, whether on the land or sea, endeavour constantly to "stir up the grace of God within him,"—to do the works of him that sent him, even all the will of his Heavenly Father. So shall he fall asleep in Jesus, "and be for ever blessed." As to the

many, in every rank of society, who shut their eyes and stop their ears, and harden their hearts, against conviction, let us implore that mercy for them which they will not ask for themselves:

"O God, their inmost souls convert!
And deeply on each thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give them to feel their solemn weight,
To tremble at their guilty state,
And wake to righteousness.

"Before them place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou, with clouds* shalt come;
Oh! may they now themselves prepare,
To stand before thine awful bar,
And hear their endless doom!"

"Be this their one great business here,
With ceaseless care and holy fear,
To make their calling† sure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!"

* Rev. i. 7. † 2 Peter, i. 10.

No. X.

THE FAIR-WEATHER AND FRESH-WATER SAILORS.

"NOT EVERY ONE THAT SAITH UNTO ME, LORD, LORD, SHALL ENTER INTO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN: BUT HE THAT DOETH THE WILL OF MY FATHER WHO IS IN HEAVEN.——Matt. vii. 21.

ON board of large ships there are all sorts of characters, and not a few who are called "fair-weather sailors." These, so long as all is fine and smooth on deck, can talk much, and boast of their knowledge and readiness to do great things. But when the sea gets up, when the gale comes on in earnest, and the ship is in some danger, these boasting talkers are often found to be good for nothing. They have neither knowledge to perform their duty, nor courage to go through with it.

There are also in every sea-port town many fresh-water sailors, or young men, who, on a fine day, put on a gay jacket and pair of trowsers, and pull or sail about in a boat up and down the rivers, or at some harbour's mouth;

on these occasions they curse and swear, and think themselves as brave men as Nelson himself. And what still makes this folly and wickedness the greater is, that it is frequently performed on the Lord's day, that holy Sabbath, when they especially ought to be worshipping God, instead of thus taking their childish pleasure on the water. But do the fine jackets and trowsers which these men put on, or the oaths they swear, or the swaggering language they use, make them really brave men? No; for if the sky becomes cloudy, or a breeze freshens up, these counterfeit mariners soon hasten to the nearest land, and run with all their might from the vulgar gale, and unpleasant breaking waves, preferring a snug house and comfortable fireside, where they can sit and talk brave language, and admire their unspotted sea-dress, leaving it to others to face the storm in deep water. In one word, it is not a man's appearance nor his language that proves his real character. A stormy day and real danger are things that no true seaman ever wishes to meet for the sake of showing his skill and bravery; but they are the things that actually prove who are brave and skilful seamen, and who are only fair-weather and fresh-water sailors.

So in the Christian world, and in every society of professing Christians, whether by land

or by sea, there are a variety of characters who much resemble those above described. There are fresh-water, or rather counterfeit, Christians, or, if you please, imitators and impostors, who put on the profession of religion, and sail down the stream, indulging their own pleasure, and exhibiting their tawdry dress, and their dear idolized persons; and while they are thus mocking God, they often persuade themselves they are pious characters. These, however, are never found to bear reproach for Christ, nor to deny themselves one darling lust or pleasure. And if at any time their profession of religion threatens to bring such a trial, they quickly turn to the world, and leave vulgar Christians to encounter envy, hatred, malice, and reproach for following that Saviour, who, with his disciples of old, was despised and rejected of men, and who is found to receive the same treatment from the lovers of pleasure in our own times. Others proceed a little further; they embark in the cause of Christ, go with his real servants, and are often, like the fair-weather sailors, found to talk with more confidence and freedom than old and experienced Christians. Yet these, with all their self-confidence and showy profession, are frequently found to shrink back in times of trial, and in seasons of difficulty and danger to betray great ignorance and great cowardice. As no real sea-

man makes light of past dangers, nor wishes to meet future ones, to display his courage, so no real Christian makes light of past temptations, or ever expresses his wish to encounter future ones. On the contrary, if it were possible, the wisest and bravest seaman would wish to pass through life without being exposed to one more storm; and the wisest and best Christians would desire to go on to the end of their pilgrimage without having to encounter one more temptation. But as this is not the will of heaven, they learn, as often as the season of trial comes, to look to him who alone can given them strength, and wisdom, and courage; and when he has brought them through the difficulty, their language is, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy name be all the praise." They delight to watch the leadings, and to mark the interposition of his providence, from their cradle to hoar hairs. Whether they are, for a time, obliged to mix with the fools who say there is no God; or with those who, while they acknowledge a God, deny the doctrine of his general and particular providence, they still hold fast their integrity, and delight to look up to the Author of all their mercies, and say,

"God of my life, whose gracious pow'r,
Thro' varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

"In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

"Oft hath the sea confess'd thy pow'r,
And gave me back at thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thy hand.

"Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden I found thee near to save;
The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.

"Whither, O whither should I fly?
But to my loving Saviour's breast:
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

"I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart."

As to the vain-talkers, the fair-weather and fresh-water Christians, their case demands our pity rather than our contempt. And if the Saviour, the Eternal Son of God, prayed for his murderers, and extenuated their guilt in these words: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do," it surely is our duty to pray for our poor deluded brethren.

"Jesus, on them bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe,
Their aching breasts inspire:
With soft'ning pity look,
And melt their hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break their hearts of stone!"

No. XI.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

"HE WAS DEAD, AND IS ALIVE AGAIN, HE WAS LOST AND IS FOUND."—Luke, xv. 24.

WHEN the crew of a line-of-battle ship are drawn up in divisions, round the spacious decks, for muster and inspection, they present a grand exhibition of manual strength and British discipline. On these occasions, were it in the power of the inspecting officer, and of those youths who are about to enter the service, to read the hearts and histories of every individual, how many useful lessons and salutary cautions might they not gather up from what was before them! While, in stature, many of these brave men stood equal to each other, there would be found almost as many different shades in their respective histories as in the ever-varying features of the human face.—Some, on enquiry, would be found to come under the description of the impressed father, and others under that of the impressed son, whose trials and changing scenes in life we have

lately glanced at. Others would be found among the sons of misfortune and adversity, who had fled from want and distress on shore, to that comfortable subsistence which the naval service furnishes to those embarked in it. Others, crossed in love, or chastised by the civil magistrate, would be found to have first come hither, the one in the hope of relieving the sorrows of his heart, and the other, because he was compelled by the broken laws of his country. Not a few, however, might be found, who, in honest simplicity and patriotic spirit, came and joined the ranks with an upright character, and a real desire of assisting to ward off the blow of their country's enemy. But in many parts of the ranks, there would be found those who properly might be called, *The Prodigal Sons*; young men who had acted not much unlike him whose conduct is described in holy writ, as leaving his native land and his father's house, for foreign climates and scenes of riotous living. And what would be still more interesting to the benevolent mind, some of these young men might be found "in their right minds," reclaimed from their former vices, and totally changed in their conduct. Such have, indeed, been found there, who, after serving with credit among the defenders of their country, have been spared to return home, wiser

and better than when they left it. The writer will here mention the outline of one such reclaimed prodigal, with whom he was intimately acquainted, in the hope that some poor weeping parents may be encouraged to pray and hope, that all may yet end well in the case of their wild and distant wandering children. Certainly, nothing is too hard for the Lord, and the things that have been are those which we are sure may still come to pass.

Simplicius had been educated and trained up in the midland part of the kingdom. None of the generations of his forefathers had ever beheld the sea, or been at all engaged in warlike pursuits. He was the Prodigal Son who first thought of departing from the quiet scenes of domestic life; of quitting the tranquil shores of England, to contend with the stormy ocean, and to travel foreign lands. In vain did those about him tell of the dangers of shipwreck, and of battles and tempests. All persuasion and opposition only increased his desire to go and experience those things for himself. He was extremely ignorant of every thing relating to the sea, to ships, and to a life of warfare; but an ambitious desire of that praise which comes from man, together with a strange romantic notion of happiness being inseparably connected with storms and battles, kept his mind in a

state of continual agitation and discontent with the blessings he actually enjoyed, and absolutely embittered that part of his youth which was spent on shore.

The great moralist, Johnson, has somewhere observed, that "the hope of happiness is so strongly impressed on the minds of men, that no station or period of life, or length of days, is able to efface it." At the same time he remarks, with respect to the present state, "Be it whatever it may, we feel and are forced to confess the misery; although, when Providence places that same state at a distance, imagination paints it as desirable." To the truth of these remarks, Simplicius's experience, as a youth, bore ample testimony. He soon learned to sigh for distant happiness, and often, in vain, thought himself near its possession; for

"What ardently he wish'd, he long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd;
By expectation every day beguil'd,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child."

A part of this dissatisfaction was, undoubtedly, the natural effect and fruit of a carnal heart; and some of it was, I believe, the effects of that gracious Spirit,

"Who would not let the captive go,
Nor leave him to his carnal will;
Whose love forbad his rest below,
Whose patient love pursued him still."

Poor Simplicius had not been embarked long before all the novelty of his situation were off, and he once more found, that he had pursued a phantom, and that unmixed happiness was as distant as ever. He often looked to the shore, and in his heart wished himself there again; but pride, and vain hopes of to-morrow bringing that felicity which to-day had denied, chained him to his post, and he continued to urge his way through his boisterous profession, and to gain the applause of his superiors. In the course of some years service, on the home stations and abroad, he experienced all the changes and vicissitudes of a sea life. Cold, and heat, and sickness, and unavoidable privations, and storms, and battle, and shipwrecks, were the alternate scenes he passed through. Often his relations feared he was no more, and once they went into mourning for him, under, what they conceived, the certainty of his death. God, however, supported and upheld him in the midst of all his dangers, and bore with him through a long series of rebellion and ingratitude, and, at length, made him to feel his transgressions, and enabled him to discover and cleave to that all and only sufficient Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, and whose Spirit healeth all our infirmities, even Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Then it was the poor prodigal Simplicius became an

altered man; then it was he came to his right mind; old things began to pass away, and all things to become new. Nor was he content to serve the Lord for himself, and only in a corner. He felt it his duty to correspond with, to warn, and exhort his relatives whom he had left behind; and, in the end, the divine blessing so crowned his endeavours, that his father and sisters were stirred up to seek a kingdom that passeth not away, and to look to Christ as the only name given on earth whereby men can be saved. Long before Simplicius left the sea, he had the happiness of knowing that his relations were serving the Lord in understanding, and spirit, and truth. After a while, he was enabled to return and join in, or rather to lead, the little devotional exercises of those who were so near and dear to him. He lived to see them all on their knees around him, and to hear them bless God, not only for restoring him to his native land, but for having made him the altered character he then was, and especially for the spiritual good the Lord had conferred on them through his instrumentality.

Thus did Simplicius and others, whom the writer could bring forward, prove, that all things are still possible with God; that there is hope to be entertained, even concerning the most thoughtless prodigal, that he may yet re-

turn to his earthly and to his heavenly Father's house, like him of whom it is said, "This my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

Let parents then, instead of giving way to desponding thoughts, turn their eyes and their prayers to Him, whose hand is not shortened that it cannot save, whose ear is not heavy that it cannot hear. Let them remember, that Jesus ever liveth to make intercession, to carry their burthens and their sorrows to his heavenly Father, and to send down the Holy Ghost as the Comforter of his afflicted and praying people. The fervent, persevering prayer of the righteous parent hath so often prevailed, that few of their prodigal children are to be found, who, sooner or later, have not returned with weeping and supplication, and have found mercy, not only to the joy of men but of angels, and of God himself, who delighteth not in the death of a sinner, but rather, that he turn from his wickedness and live. On every occasion of this sort,

"The saints on earth, in songs of praise,
Their raptur'd tongues employ:
The glorious tidings rend the skies,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

"Transports of unexpected bliss
Pervade th' angelic choir;
'Another wand'rer's found,' they sing,
And sweep the sounding lyre.

" The reconciled Father joys
To see the sinner weep;
And Jesus, with extended arms,
Welcomes his ransom'd sheep."

No. XII.

THE SMUGGLER.

"THEY THAT WILL BE RICH FALL INTO TEMPTATION, AND A SNARE, AND INTO MANY FOOLISH AND HURTFUL LUSTS, WHICH DROWN MEN IN DESTRUCTION AND PERDITION." 1 Tim. vi. 9.

It once happened, that a man by hard labour and great savings got money enough to build and fit out a very fine vessel, which he determined to run in the smuggling trade, as the speediest way of making a fortune. For a few voyages he succeeded beyond his expectations, and, of course, greatly increased his wealth. He now built a fine house, kept several servants, and fared sumptuously every day. But while things were going on in this prosperous way, as the world terms it, religion, and the soul, and a future world, were left quite out of the question. All his heart and thoughts were swallowed up, planning and running fresh voyages, and in carousing with his jovial companions at home. An end, however, and that an

awful one, came to all these proceedings. One day he was met at sea by a revenue cutter, and as he had a very valuable cargo on board, he was mad enough to resist; an engagement ensued, and several of the cutter's crew were killed. They however succeeded in taking the smuggling vessel, and in conveying her into port, where she was condemned, hull and cargo, and her captain's fine house and property sold to pay the fine, and he himself conveyed to prison, and tried, condemned, and hanged for an outlaw and a murderer. On his way to the place of execution, he thus expressed himself: "Oh, wretched man that I am! Had I been content with a lawful trade and moderate profits, I might, with the blessing of God, have now been comfortable, though perhaps not rich;—yes, I might have been now going with my children to some kind friends, instead of being thus carried to my execution. I might have lived and died in the bosom of my family, instead of ending my life at the gallows: but I would be a rich and great man. I neglected God, I cared not for my soul,—and now what is all come to? My vessel is gone, my property is seized, my life is forfeited, and, I fear, my soul is lost! Alas, alas! what does it now profit, that once I had the finest vessel in the port; or that I had the best house in the parish; or that my old

companions called me a hearty fellow? All is gone, and I am going to judgment, to receive according to the things done in the body, where the neglect of my soul, my contempt of the laws of God and man, and my unnumbered transgressions, will all appear against me. Oh, "what will it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" *

So, in like manner, many people in the army and navy, on the shore and in the merchant service, for a time, get forward in the world by pursuing their different courses in forbidden and unlawful ways. So long as they do well for themselves, so long the world gives them credit for being clever men; and they themselves often think that their very prosperity is a proof of their wisdom. Poor mistaken creatures! They forget, or rather will not believe, that the love of money and the desire of power are the roots of all evil and cruelty, of all injustice and bloodshed. Should these lines ever meet the eye of any such character, let me ask him, what will it avail to have accumulated a fortune in lands or houses, if the kingdom of heaven and the mansions of glory are lost? What will it

* See a Letter on the Subject of Smuggling, in 1st Vol. of Newton's Works, Letter XII.

avail to have obtained an earthly title, if you have lost your title to heaven? What will it profit having obtained the command of a merchant vessel, or of a king's ship, if you have allowed satan to have the command of your hearts, and this perishing world the first place in your affections? In one word, what will it profit a man, though he gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul? There is no harm in a person's honestly and conscientiously obtaining wealth, or a post of command. But the evil lies in his seeking to procure, and in his obtaining, these things, *in a forbidden and unlawful way*, as the smuggler seems to get rich by breaking the laws of God and his country. And then where is the wisdom, I again ask, in thus procuring earthly treasures, and losing our immortal souls? Especially, when the Lord says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

So true it is, that "they who are determined, if possible, to be rich, do fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts," which lead them, step by step, from the conscientious path of Christian duty, and at last "drown them in destruction and perdition." Infinitely more happy, even in this world, is the life of that Christian, who "having food and

raiment is therewith content." Yes, he is infinitely more happy than the most rich and powerful monarch on earth, who has obtained his treasures and his dominions in an indirect and unlawful way. Happiness does not, indeed, consist in the abundance of our possessions, but in being content with and thankful for, what we possess. The prayer of a real Christian was never yet offered up for riches, which make to themselves wings and fly away, but for what is exceedingly more valuable. His prayer is,

" Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

" Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessing of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

" Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend:
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

No. XIII.

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

"THOU HAST CAST ME INTO THE DEEP, IN THE MIDST OF THE SEAS; AND THE FLOODS COMPASSED ME ABOUT; ALL THY BILLOWS AND THY WAVES PASSED OVER ME."
Jonah, ii. 3.

A FEW days ago, while actually employed in writing one of the preceding papers, I was interrupted by a rap at my door; and thinking it was one of my poor village neighbours, I called to the person to come in. For a while, however, no one obeyed, and I repeated my call, when the door opened, and a poor young man, in ragged, streaming, sailor's clothing, and bare legs and feet covered with the splash and dirt of the turnpike road, made his appearance. It was a most uncomfortable rainy and raw day; and as the poor fellow had been travelling through it during the whole forenoon, and was not only wet and tired, but cold and hungry, his looks betrayed much wretchedness. It is customary for gypsies and other impostors frequently to go about and impose on landsmen in the garb and language of

distressed seamen. I never, therefore, trust to appearances, but strictly examine all who come in my way as to the reality of their character and profession. This I did in the case of the young man before me, and was soon satisfied that his plain unvarnished tale was the truth; and that he was in reality what he appeared to be,—a ship-wrecked mariner in distress. In the course of my examining him, I found he had been some time in the royal navy, and had sailed with some of my old brother officers: that after he had been paid off from the king's service he had gone a voyage to the East Indies, and on his return from thence had shipped himself, in London, on board of an East Country vessel, and had made a voyage to the Baltic, from whence he and his comrades were returning to Scotland, with a cargo of tallow, hemp, &c. &c. and were very near their destined port when, in the middle watch, they struck on Keith's sheal at a time they were running at the rate of nine knots an hour. The vessel almost immediately split, and went down in deep water, affording only time for those at hand to cut away the jolly-boat from the stern, into which he and two more of the seamen got by jumping from the wreck as it sunk. The remainder of the crew went down with the vessel, and were seen no more. When these three survivors found themselves in the boat, they dis-

covered there was neither oar, nor sail, nor mast, much less had they any time to procure either a compass, provisions, or water. The night was dark and stormy, and their situation was a practical comment on the words of a well-known old song,

"Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,
Ah! little do ye think upon the dangers of the seas."

Yet, dismal as the prospect was to these poor men, they considered life, even in that peril, well worth endeavouring to preserve, because they had no hope, at least no scriptural hope, beyond the grave, and therefore

"This made them rather bear the ills they had
Than fly to others that they knew not of."

After drifting about for fifteen hours in this state, they were discovered, and picked up by a coasting vessel, which, at length, had landed this young man at Lynn; from whence he was now travelling, pennyless and forlorn, towards London, where the owner of the ship, as well as his relations, dwelt.

The poor fellow's tale brought to my recollection past times, when I had been in perils in the sea, and twice experienced the horrors of shipwreck myself. Nay, it did more; it painfully brought to my recollection the fate of no few of

my once-pleasant companions, who, like the comrades of this shivering, half-clad young man, had been overwhelmed in the great deep at a time when they considered themselves near their home, and were calculating on many days and enjoyments to come. The subject took hold of my mind, and made me feel something of the folly of expending this short, uncertain life in toils and anxieties after the meat that perishes, while that which endureth unto everlasting life is forgotten, or sought but secondarily, and in such a luke-warm manner, as never to be obtained. I thought I heard the voice of truth itself addressing me, saying, "that all such men walk in a vain shadow, and disquiet themselves in vain;" and my soul replied, "Yes, soon shall they sleep in the dust; we may seek them in the morning, but they will not be." And now, reader, let me call your attention to the contemplation of this salutary subject. It will, through the blessing of God, do thee good, whatever thine age or situation in life may be.

Every sound moralist, and every prophet and apostle of our blessed Lord, has pronounced this lower world, and all its busy anxious concerns, to be vanity and vexation of spirit, so long as men pursue them as their chief good.—True; the thoughtless creature, who has just commenced his worldly race, or is deeply sunk

in the cares and hopes of adding house to house, and field to field, will ridicule all that I, or even a prophet, or an apostle may say on this head. Yet the truth still remains unshaken, and all its important consequences continue undiminished. "Vanity of vanities" is not only written, but deeply engraved on all objects and pursuits of men which do not lead the soul to the contemplation of its Maker, and prepare it for his presence and eternal enjoyment. Only let a few more years be added to those we have already seen, and this, at present, scorned and rejected truth, will be fully embraced, and must be acknowledged by those who fill the most exalted, and by those who occupy the most humble, stations on earth.

Think, reader, for a few moments on the *rapidity* with which our time flies, and on the *instability*, the ever-changing nature of all earthly possessions.—Alas! for this world; it can present man with nothing that is unfading, or certain, or substantially good. Its choicest gifts are but as shining bubbles, and its largest donations cannot ease us of one hour's pain, or stay the uplifted hand of death for a single moment. Life itself is so frail and uncertain, that, in the beautiful and emphatic language of Scripture, it is said to be "as the flower of the field;" even as that flower, whose parent grass (much longer

lived than the blossom it produces) is in existence to-day, but "ere to-morrow is cut down, dried up, and withered." Hence the vanity, the madness, of sighing and labouring after earthly possessions, and not endeavouring to be rich towards God. And almost as great is that folly and madness which consists in daily putting off the concerns of the soul to a future period!—And yet how common is this! When the seaman is in port, his conscience sometimes smites him, and the still small voice of his Maker whispers, "Seek the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near." But, instead of complying, he says, "When I am out at sea I will think of these things." By and by he finds himself at sea, and the same monitor is again knocking at the door of his heart, and urging him to seek, first, "the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Still he drowns the voice in the bustling scenes of nautical duty, or quiets its misgivings by promising, "when he returns again to port he will obey." This is the fatal rock on which many an admiral and many a foremast man has split, and lost his soul. No language can sufficiently set forth the folly of such conduct. Well was it said by a Christian poet:

"What folly can be ranker? like our shadows
"Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
"No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave.

" Our hearts should leave the world before the knell
" Calls for our carcases to mend the soil.
" Enough to live in tempests, die in port;
" Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
" Defects of judgment, and the will subdue;
" Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
" Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon,
" And put *Good Works* on board; and wait the wind
" That shortly blows us into worlds unknown;
" If unconsidered too, a dreadful scene."

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS, 5. 661.

The only way to form a proper estimate of all our present hopes, possessions, and pursuits, is to consider them in reference to *eternity*. And the best school to acquire this lesson in, is the solemn silent chamber of the dying mortal, who once was envied as a prosperous or great man. This subject was formerly taken up by a celebrated writer; who, in describing a person that had thus lived and laboured, only for the things of time and sense, follows him to the closing scene, and describes that scene with peculiar sublimity and elegance.—" Whoever," says he, " would know how much piety and virtue surpass all external goods, might have seen them weighed against each other, where all that gives motion to the active, and elevation to the eminent; all that sparkles in the eye of hope, and pants in the bosom of suspicion, at once became dust in the balance, without weight

and without regard. Riches, authority, and praise, lose all their influence, when considered as riches which to-morrow shall be bestowed upon another, authority which shall this night expire for ever, and praise which, however merited, or however sincere, shall, after a few moments, be heard no more."

So, when the rustic cottager, or the hardy laborious seaman, lays himself down for the last time on his earthly couch, and looks back on all the labours of his hands, and all the anxieties and hopes and fears, which, from time to time, have occupied his mind, he sees and feels, that all has been vanity and vexation of spirit, while the soul's eternal salvation and a heavenly kingdom were overlooked or neglected. Naked he came into this world, and naked must he return out of it. We may seek him, either in the rounds of earthly greatness, or in his humble laborious occupations; but he shall not be. The place that knew him yesterday will know him no more for ever.

When I think on those many of my former companions, and of the comrades of the poor shipwrecked mariner at my door, who have been torn from this world, and from this life, at so unexpected, and, many of them, at so unprepared an hour, my heart really aches, especially for the fate of two ships who were return-

ing home from foreign stations, and foundered, and all on board perished, to the number of between six and seven hundred souls! The young man's tale of the loss of his comrades, brought, as I before observed, to my recollection the loss of these, and many other of my former acquaintance, and the whole that presented itself to my mind would have furnished real matter for the tragic muse. For a time I allowed my thoughts to dwell on the subject, and once more to place the melancholy scenes, as it were, before me, and to expatiate on them after this manner:—"Those hundreds of our fellow men, just sunk beneath the waves, had lately each some tie which bound them to the world; 'some friend, or partner dear,' which linked them close to this painful checkered life, and made its bitters, in some degree, palatable. All the way from a foreign station towards their native land, they had indulged many a fond reverie, and shortened the tedious night-watches by anticipations of soon meeting a parent, or lover, or wife, or child. Calculating on their arrival in a British port, these relations themselves had, week after week, like the mother of Sisera, looked out at the window, and cried through the lattice, 'Why are they so long in coming? surely they have sped! without doubt they have conquered the dangers of the sea, and have

divided the spoil of the enemy!' Thus mutual anticipations had marked out the joys of that hour, when 'O my son!—My husband!—My father!—My brother!—My friend!' should speak the struggling feelings of each honest enraptured heart. Others, perhaps, less susceptible of these tender charities of life, had turned their homeward thoughts to lay plans for rising in the esteem of the world; for advancing in its honours, and wealth, and power. Some courtier's promise, empty as the foam before the vessel's prow, might, by many, be deemed substantial, and buoy up their long-disappointed hopes. Or, what was better, their real claims on their country might inspire them with resolution to proceed, honestly supposing, that, by and by, their merits would be seen and acknowledged as they deserved. No doubt but *all* wished, *all* hoped for better, happier days; and all were still persuaded that those days would yet come. Such is the charm with which this world leads on its votaries from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age. Here, however, the storm and lurking rock deranged all their plans, and buried all their hopes and expectations in the deep. Such are the comments which the Almighty writes, when he explains that word, "Ye know not what the morrow may bring forth."

It is probable, that, in the case of the two ships of war, some time elapsed between the prospect of death and its absolute arrival. Many hours, I believe, passed along, and employed the anxious crews,

> "E'er hope expired, and peril and dismay,
> Waved their black ensigns on the watery way."

But those on board the merchant ship were roused from their midnight slumbers to open their eyes only for a few minutes in this world, and then to close them in the sleep of death, until the sea shall give up her dead. Perhaps fancy was leading their feet over their native thresholds at the very instant the vessel dashed against the rock; and just as they thought they heard the sound of their relations' welcome voice, the lamentable cry of their comrades on deck gave notice that all was lost on earth. Alarmed, confounded, and uncloathed, they rushed on deck, just time enough to see the vessel part beneath their feet, and themselves to sink with the wreck into the unpitying ocean. Unhappy men! I call you unhappy, because, from all I could gather of your surviving comrade, you had not the fear of God before your eyes. As to the circumstance of dying suddenly, or dying at sea, this is a matter of small importance to the real Christian. Death is but the harbinger of eter-

nal life to such characters; the hand-maid which, while she turns their souls out of their clay tenements, opens to them the portal of heaven. Its form is, therefore, of little consequence. It may come under the guise of pining sickness, or hasty fever, or fire, or shipwreck, or famine, or sword; still it is but death. Whether the departing mortal stretch his dying limbs on a rich embroidered sofa, or whether the craggy rock and wet seaweeds form his dying pillow, are such trifling things, that, at the bar of God, they will never engage one moment's attention in a future world. The only, and the all-important, enquiry will then be, not in what form death came, but in what state it found us. And happy, inconceivably happy, will those be whom it found with their lamps trimmed, and their lights burning; with their souls longing to depart, and be with Christ. These will indeed be blessed. Even as the angel declared to the beloved disciple. "They will die in the Lord," they will depart justified through his atoning blood, and sanctified by his Holy Spirit. Henceforward, though they were once poor, as the wretched Lazarus at the rich man's gate, they will be crowned with immortality and glory; while those who die unjustified and unsanctified will depart accursed, and drink in eternal sorrow, although on earth they might have been honoured among men, and

clothed in purple and fine linen, and have fared sumptuously every day.

Oh what a thought is this! that after we have done with the short-lived cares and pleasures of to-day, we must enter on *an eternal, a never-ending state of existence, of infinite felicity or woe!* That we may be called into this mysterious and awful state before another sun has passed through the divisions of morning, and noon, and night!

This subject I endeavoured to impress on the surviving shipwrecked mariner at my door. He was thankful for the little assistance I imparted to help him on his way to London, and he promised to lay my counsel to heart; but whether he is now stifling the convictions of conscience, or praying for pardon and grace, to hold on his way to the holy city, the New Jerusalem above, I know not. But this I do know: it is my earnest desire that not only he, but every reader of these pages, may so improve the present mercies and providences of their gracious God and Saviour, as to be led to repentance, and from repentance to faith, and from faith to love, until their ardent souls can say, each for himself,

"I long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above;
The king in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love:

" I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode:
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God?

" With him I on Sion shall stand,
(For Jesus hath spoken the word,)
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord;
But when, on thy bosom reclin'd,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee!"

No. XIV.

THE STORM.

"THOU HAST BEEN A STRENGTH TO THE POOR, A STRENGTH TO THE NEEDY IN HIS DISTRESS, A REFUGE FROM THE STORM, A SHADOW FROM THE HEAT, WHEN THE BLAST OF THE TERRIBLE ONES IS AS A STORM AGAINST THE WALL."

Isaiah, XXV. 4.

No man has long been at sea without experiencing what the landsman calls tempests and storms; and those who have navigated foreign seas, and been accustomed to distant voyages, have often witnessed what no mere resident on shore can form any adequate idea of, the gathering darkness and wild confusion of a tempest-driven sky, torn asunder only to make way for fresh discharges of lightning, and stronger howlings of the wind; the thunder rolling through the vault of heaven, and shaking the trembling masts, down to the very keels of the labouring vessel. The mountain waves, piling on each other, rushing forward, and sounding the very knell of death, as they break, and half bury the

restless bark in their dreary foam. The sails blowing from the yards, the yards themselves gone in the slings; the masts, perhaps, plunging over the side, and carrying part of the hapless crew with them into the merciless deep. The groaning wreck rolling ungovernable in the trough of the sea—the leaks increasing, and gaining on the crew—the chain pumps sending forth their dismal clanking sound—and, above all, a frightful lee shore, stretching itself within view, and every hour becoming more and more distinct, frowning only death on all who approach it. These are scenes on which poets have often written, and orators have harangued their audience; but they are scenes which neither poets nor orators can describe as they really appear to those, who themselves go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters. These men do, indeed, "*see* the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." Oh, that they were but more inclined to acknowledge his hand, and fear his power, to seek his blessing, and to love and believe in his Son Jesus Christ! Surely it is no discredit for the bravest seaman to confess, that his heart has often sickened within him, while his hands have still perseveringly laboured through these almost hopeless and melancholy scenes. The Lord has a voice that will be heard when he "thun-

ders in the excellency of his power;" nor did I ever see that wretch who was hardy enough to call on God with execrations while the thunder rolled in his ears, and the vivid lightning was passing before his eyes. On the contrary, I have noticed, that those who were at other times altogether strangers to thoughtfulness and reflection, were at these seasons serious, sensible men. At these times they have been ready to allow,

> " There is a God that reigns above,
> Lord of the heav'ns, and earth, and seas:"

at these moments they have seemed half disposed,

> To " fear his wrath, to ask his love,
> And with their lips to sing his praise."

And now, reader, if you can find a profane infidel, whether officer or foremast man, who pretends that he never had such feelings on such occasions, that he never did, nor ever will, tremble at the sounding thunder in the skies, or the roaring breaking surf, or a lee shore, I will at once pronounce such person an enemy to truth, a fool, or a madman. It is not in the power of unregenerate nature, to view such scenes as these with stoical composure and indifference; and none can contemplate such deaths with calmness and serenity, but men of

strong grace, who have a well-grounded hope that Christ Jesus has pardoned their sins, that the eternal God is their reconciled Father, and, that the hour which throws their breathless corpse on the deadly rock, will convey their happy liberated spirit into Abraham's bosom. And this hope, this confidence, no infidel nor profane character ever did, nor ever will, possess. There is no such peace as this, saith our God, to the wicked. Their souls are like the troubled ocean, never at rest.

But it is not only in the confused elements of this lower world, that there are storms and tempests. These things exist, though in another form, in the spiritual world. There are tempestuous seasons in the life of a Christian pilgrim. There are storms and conflicts in his bosom to which the ungodly part of the world are entire strangers; yes, it may truly be said, that all who have for any length of time been navigating this restless dangerous sea of life, as Christians, have, in their conflicts with their own hearts, with the world, and with the mighty powers of darkness, had real experience, that, "through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of heaven." It sometimes falls to the lot of those who fear the Lord, and obey the voice of his servants, to walk in darkness, and have little or no light: for a season their course

leads them through gloomy deserts, and thence into the mire and clay; at other times they seem to be sinking in the deep waters, and all the storms and waves of an angry ocean appear to go over their souls. They look to heaven, but clouds and darkness are round about the Almighty's throne; they see nothing but supposed tokens of anger, and signs of his threatening judgment. The thunders of his righteous violated law shake them. The lightnings and arrows of vindictive justice make them afraid. All their efforts seem useless; the storm yet increases, and hope sickens, and almost expires. Then it is, that the yawning grave begins to shout, victory! victory! Then it is, that death has an envenomed sting, and heaven is beheld as a coast, whose ports are shut against their entrance; as a shore where they are to be wrecked, and not saved! Of these things the thoughtless children of the world may sometimes have heard, and sometimes they may have talked about them; but still they do not, cannot, understand them, till actual experience has taught the otherwise incommunicable lesson.*

* The writer wishes it to be understood, that he does not consider it absolutely necessary unto salvation, that all Christians, or even any one, should be led through these deep waters to Christ as their refuge,

Should any talkative bold professor here start up, and say, "He has laid aside all his fears, and his legal bondage; that he has learned to walk in the freedom and liberty of the gospel, as one who knows his soul can never founder, nor his faith ever suffer shipwreck;" it would be well for such person to attend to Saint Paul's admonition in 1 Cor. x. 12. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

Surely when we consider the nature of our spiritual conflict, we must allow it to be awfully tremendous. "For we wrestle not only against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." (Eph. vi. 12.) Hence it is we are directed to "take the whole armour of God, that we may be able to stand in the evil day;" and, beyond all doubt, a watchful, humble, praying spirit, is an important portion

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any more than that it is necessary for the safety of every vessel to be carried by a tempest into harbour. It is enough if we have been so brought to Jesus, as that he has been, and still "is made of God unto us, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." This is the great end of all experience; and wherever this end is obtained, it matters not by how gentle a passage the soul was conducted to it.

of that armour. Nor is it any discredit for the most heroic Christian to confess, with the saints of old, that his fears are often multiplied, and his spirit cast down within him; that in time past he had nearly fainted, and sunk under the conflict, but that a gleam of hope still remained which cheered his soul with the persuasion, that he should one day see the goodness and the salvation of the Redeemer in the land of the living. Real Christian life is a life of conflict; a voyage made up of many storms, and some calms. It is an ocean whose waters are sometimes smooth, but more frequently rough and stormy; it is a contest and a race in which the flesh contends against the spirit. It is that entrance to heaven, which is so strait and narrow as to call forth not a few idle efforts, but our *agonizing* endeavours to pass its portal. Away then with all this empty, unhallowed boasting; since the Lord himself has pronounced that man blessed, who is of an humble and contrite spirit, and that trembleth at his word. May the writer and the reader be always attended by that filial, sanctified fear, which shall keep us poor in spirit, and watchful unto prayer! Then, and not otherwise, shall we be enabled to surmount the storm, to fight the good fight, to finish our course, to keep the faith, and at last through the

redeeming love of Jesus Christ, to receive the crown.

Oh, thou adorable and blessed Saviour, I do not ask an exemption from the allotted trials of man on earth; but I beseech thee to be a present God in every time of trouble; for,

"While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who can violate our rest?
Sin, earth, and hell, we can defy;
While leaning on thy gracious breast.

"I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace."

No. XV.

THE MIDDLE WATCH.

"THE LORD WILL COMMAND HIS LOVING KINDNESS IN THE DAY-TIME, AND IN THE NIGHT HIS SONG SHALL BE WITH ME." Psalm xlii. 8.

THAT ocean which we have lately considered under its rough and boisterous form, is not always thus rude and tempestuous. It is sometimes smooth and placid as the rivulet that glides gently through our meadows;—a breeze, indeed, sweeps its bosom; but it is such as might carry along the smallest skiff in safety for hours and days together. This is a pleasing sight at all times, but especially so in the midnight season. To come on deck, and find all bustling duty suspended,—to perceive every sail stretched to the fair and gentle breeze,—to see the vessel cut her way silently, but swiftly, through the yielding waters,—to look above, and behold a cloudless sky exhibiting stars of various orders and magnitudes, dispersed through the wide expanse of boundless space,—to watch the moon gliding along through their ranks, while her silver beams play across

the rippled ocean as far as the eye can pierce; —all this is pleasing, and has a natural tendency to promote reflection. Nor do I doubt but some of my readers have enjoyed these scenes in common with myself. True, there are many on board, who care for none of these things. Men who seem to have neither eyes to behold, nor hearts to admire, the wonders of creation and providence. By them, the fair weather middle watch is passed through in a variety of unprofitable ways. Some walk the deck in sullen musings on what they consider their hard fate; others, more cheerful, but equally uninterested with the works of God, collect together and tell marvellous tales of enchanted castles, of Blue Beard, or Jack the Giant-killer; others join in singing some love ditty, or warlike song of past battles and conquests; and some, wrapping themselves in their watch-coat, sleep away their time, till, roused by the call of duty, or the expiration of the watch, they descend to their hammocks. On these occasions, the thoughtful, intelligent Christian sailor will not break in upon or interrupt, his comrades in their enjoyments; so long as they appear to be happy, and no improper language is used, he will rather rejoice that they are comfortable. Though he may esteem their amusements as trifling, he will not use reproachful language, nor display the part

of an officious intruder; but will seek his own superior enjoyment in thought and reflection on what surrounds him. Leaning over the gang-way, or quietly pacing and re-pacing the deck, he will converse with God, and with himself, in some such way as this:

"Eternal Wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.

"There thou hast bid the globes of light,
Their endless circuits run;
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the sun.

"If down I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies,
Thy num'rous glories show.

"Here the rough mountains of the deep
Obey thy strong command;
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

"Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wond'ring sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground
With terror and delight."

But what are stars, or sun, or moon, or this earth, or yonder visible heavens, in comparison with one immortal soul?—There is an appointed

time when these heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and these surrounding elements shall melt with fervent heat. But my immortal spirit cannot pass away! There is a day coming when the stars shall fall from heaven, as the fig-tree casteth her untimely leaves to the ground;—a day, when "this earth and all that it inherits shall dissolve;"—when this ocean shall give up its myriads of dead, and then be found no more: but my soul must still exist! O, most gracious Lord God, do thou help me, a poor worm, but still thy creature, and an immortal being, to think of thee as I ought, to love thee as thou deservest, to obey thee in all thy commands. Keep my soul while it is hovering over the gulph of eternity, pardon all its sins through the atoning blood of Christ, and sanctify all its faculties by thy Holy Spirit, before it quits this short and fleeting life, to receive its eternal portion. O, my God! ere that day arrives, do thou quell every sinful passion within my breast; suppress every unhallowed disposition of my will, as thy power has quelled every angry storm, and subdued every raging motion of these surrounding waters. O! let my soul be steadily and rapidly urging on its way to thine everlasting kingdom, as our vessel is now pursuing her course to her port of destination; for, surely, compared with this,

" Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make my own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies!

" Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way,
To glorious happiness!
Ah, write thy pardon on my heart,
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace."

No. XVI.

THE ANCHOR.

"WHICH HOPE WE HAVE AS AN ANCHOR TO THE SOUL, BOTH SURE AND STEDFAST." Heb. vi. 19.

So necessary are anchors to shipping, that they could not possibly be safe without them. On ten thousand occasions they are the security of every vessel. By their means the ship is held in safety, while the storm howls through the masts and rigging, and the breaking surge rolls by on either side. By them the vessel is prevented from drifting down with the current on some deadly shoal, and from being drawn in shore towards dangerous rocks, in calm weather. Often, when dismasted and driving as a log, helpless and almost without hope, towards some harbourless coast or wreck-covered beach, the anchor is the seaman's last and only refuge. Just before his bark drifts among the angry breakers, he lets it go; it plunges through the troubled ocean, drives through every restless wave, and, fastening on the firm bottom, rides

his trembling, half-wrecked ship in safety through the storm.

Hence it is, that in the Scriptures, our Lord Jesus Christ is called the Christian's anchor of hope (Heb. vi. 19), and said to be both sure and stedfast. The mariner's anchor may, and, indeed, does sometimes fail him; and in that failure his last fond hope is gone, and destruction quickly follows: but the Lord Jesus Christ never did, nor ever will, fail one soul who makes him his refuge and hope, his trust and confidence. Oh, how great is the blessing of having such an anchor as this to fly to!—how great is the calamity of being destitute of it when the day of trial or the hour of danger arrives! It is a blessing always needful to have at hand. The soul without it would be more forlorn and unsafe than a coasting vessel without ground tackling. We have seen how many perils surround and await the new launched bark; but these are really nothing in comparison with what encompass and way-lay the Christian; for,

> "Dangers of every shape and name,
> Attend the followers of the Lamb:
> Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
> And leave it to return no more."

At one time the powerful stream of human corruptions, or the impetuous tide of vicious

example, threatens to sweep him down on the rocks of destruction; at another, the secret, and almost imperceptible, but no less dangerous, shoals of prosperity, fame, and smiling circumstances, endanger his very existence; at another, the storms of violent temptation, the overwhelming waves of an accusing conscience, or the furious gusts of unbelief, and satanic suggestions, may be on the point of dashing him on the very reefs of perdition. And why is it, amidst so many perils, that his immortal spirit does not suffer shipwreck? Because Jesus is its anchor and its stay; the eternal God and Saviour of men is his present help in every time of trouble. Happy indeed would that merchant be, who could procure an anchor of infallible security to his vessel under every emergency. It would be considered by himself and his crew as beyond all price. But alas! such an anchor of safety for the bodies and natural lives of men, is not to be forged out of the perishing polluted materials of this sinful world. Jesus Christ, however, is all this to the Christian mariner's soul. He sends him forth, it is true, to contend with the dangers and buffetings of this world; he does not see good to remove him from its many trials so soon as human weakness might desire: but while the Christian is in the world surrounded by nameless dangers, his Lord has

prayed for him, that he may be kept from the evil (John, xvii. 15); and therefore he will be preserved by that infallible and omnipotent hand which is ever stretched out to save the soul who feels its own helplessness, and casts itself wholly on the Lord Jesus as the anchor of hope.

Happy, happy Christian, whoever thou art, that hast fled to lay hold on this hope that is set before thee in the gospel! Thou mayest now be very poor in worldly circumstances, and thy limbs may totter with old age and many infirmities; thou mayest be brought very low by injustice and oppression, and all men may frown upon thee; but if thou hast indeed fled to Christ, and obtained that faith which sees things, otherwise invisible, thou wilt go on thy way rejoicing, as many have done before thee: saying,

"Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my stedfast soul relies,
Jesus, my anchor, never dies.

"Fixt on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love."

No. XVII.

THE VOYAGE WELL ENDED.

"AND GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS FROM THEIR EYES; AND THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH, NEITHER SORROW, NOR CRYING, NEITHER SHALL THERE BE ANY MORE PAIN: FOR THE FORMER THINGS ARE PASSED AWAY." Rev. xxi. 4.

AT length the voyage is brought to its close; the homeward-bound passage is completed. Let us reflect on this period, so much to be remembered by the wandering mariners. With what cheerful countenances, with what joyful, what inexpressible feelings, did the weather-beaten and long-absent voyagers behold and enter their long lost native port! This was the happy hour, the thoughts of which bore up their spirits under the burning suns of Africa, and amidst the snows and ice mountains of Greenland. Yes; it was the thought of home, and the hope of returning thither, that made all the evils of foreign climates bearable, and all the hardships and privations of the voyage seem light. And now these thoughts

and hopes and expectations are more than realized; the ship has entered within the pier-head, —the anchor is gone,—the sails are unbent,— the crew have stripped off their tarry, filthy garments,—have clothed themselves in new apparel,—are gone on shore, and in the welcome smiles of their dearest friends and kindred, have forgotten all the storms, and dangers, and sufferings of the voyage, or only remember and speak of them to increase their present happiness.

But what is all this when compared with the long-exercised Christian ending the voyage of life in peace, and entering into that haven of eternal rest where he so much longed to be? All comparison sinks into nothing and vanity. Yet we may pursue the parallel, and observe, that it was the hope of such a happy end which supported his spirits through the numberless trials and sufferings of life. When guilt and renewed temptations depressed and grieved his soul,—when pain and sickness wrung and enfeebled his body,—when poverty marked his circumstances, and unkindness or neglect sat on the brow of every pretended friend, it was the hope of heaven that cheered his bosom, and strengthened him to contend with all the ills and fears he had to meet by the way. It was in vain for him to look to man for consolation. Wicked

men felt no desire to comfort him, and good men seldom had it in their power. Nay, they were common partakers of the same, or of very similar, trials. So that, with reference to them as well as to himself, he often sang

"While here we walk on hostile ground;
The few that we can call our friends
Are, like ourselves, with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends."

These things, however, did not make him despair, although they, at times, cast him down. On the contrary, he would look beyond the present scene and the present trouble, and pursue his song,

"But yet we hope to see the day,
When Zion's children shall return,
When all our griefs shall pass away,
And we no more again shall mourn.

"The thoughts that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet;
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet."

And now, behold, in the Lord's best time, all his fears and sufferings are ended; all, and more than all, his hopes are realized; for happy experience has taught him the meaning of that voice which proclaimed to Saint John from heaven, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord:

Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours."

In the days of our Christian brethrens' earthly pilgrimage they often had to lament the absence of every thing like the consolations of the Holy Ghost; but once arrived in heaven, they ever behold the tabernacle of God in the midst of themselves, and of all the happy inhabitants of that kingdom,—a kingdom where there is no more exclaiming, "Oh! that I knew where I might find him:" no more enquiry, "Where does my beloved make his flock to rest at noon?" No; for there that Beloved dwells with them, and they are his people, and the Eternal Jehovah is with them, as their visible God, in the person of Emmanuel. On earth they sometimes drank deep from the cup of tribulation; in heaven they drink joy from the fountain of the river of life. While sojourners on earth, they oftimes watered their couch with their tears; but in heaven, He who sits on the throne wipes all tears from their eyes, and makes it known from one side of his blessed kingdom to the other, that there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither any more pain; for their former things are passed away; and all things are henceforward made new. O! the joyful sound of these words, "Behold I make all things new!" Poverty shall thenceforth no more

distress their circumstances; pain and sickness shall no more torture their bodies; disappointments shall no more vex their minds. No more shall doubts and fears becloud their soul; nor coldness steal into their hearts, nor wanderings carry away their attention from the object of their prayers and devotions. In that blessed kingdom the eye cannot be tempted to behold vanity, nor the heart to conceive one improper desire. There, religion and pious characters will meet with no more reproach or persecution. Dear friends are no more torn asunder. The light of God's countenance is no more withdrawn. In one word, sorrow and trouble of every kind are done away; and pure, unmingled, increasing felicity is the everlasting portion of all the redeemed.

These things often employed the thoughts of the Christian mariner while he was far from the worshipping assemblies of the Lord's people on shore; and often did his ardent spirit exclaim,

> "O Zion! when I think on Thee,
> I long for pinions like the dove,
> And mourn to think that I should be
> So distant from the land I love."

Well, he has now obtained his heart's desire;—he has ceased to be a wayfaring pilgrim;—the Captain of his salvation has clothed *him* with white raiment, has placed the palm of

victory in his hand, and a crown of glory on his head. In the company of his dearest departed Christian friends, in the society of angels and archangels, and in the immediate smiles of his glorified Redeemer, he forgets all his former toils, and sorrows, and temptations, or only remembers, and talks of them to increase his present and eternal felicity; for there

"All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose,
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.

"Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave his breast;
Night is lost in endless day—
Sorrow—in eternal rest."

No. XVIII.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPY MEETING.

"YE NOW HAVE SORROW; BUT I WILL SEE YOU AGAIN, AND YOUR HEART SHALL REJOICE, AND YOUR JOY NO MAN TAKETH FROM YOU." John, xvi. 22.

WHOEVER among the readers of these pages has honoured the "*Retrospect*" with a perusal, will, in the very opening of that work, have learnt some particulars of the writer's first shipwreck in the North Seas, and of his and the greater part of his comrades' escape, over the surrounding fields of ice, from the wreck to the little island of N——; from whence, he will recollect, all that were not sick or maimed by the frost, were obliged to force a dismal passage to the main-land, in consequence of the insufficiency of provisions on the island for the few inhabitants and their numerous distressed visitors. But whether the reader is acquainted with these particulars, as there related, or not, it may not be unacceptable to introduce the account of a circumstance, which, though closely connected with that shipwreck, is not

related in the "Retrospect;" especially as it is capable of an important spiritual improvement.

When the perilous journey to the main had been effected by the writer and seventy or eighty others of the crew, a considerable party of seamen, officers, and marines were left behind, most of whom were unable, as yet, to attempt the passage. From these we occasionally heard, whenever the islanders were enabled to pass from thence to us and back again. For several days nothing of importance transpired; but, by and by, the melancholy information was brought us, that the master, surgeon, a midshipman, and two or three seamen were lost. The wreck of our favourite frigate had been left on its broadside, amidst the ice and snow, on a sand bank, some six or seven miles from the cottages on the island; but as there were many valuables on board, those of our comrades who remained behind, were anxious, as soon as they had a little recovered, to get on board, and, if possible, save some of them. Of this we at C—— had information, and after a week or two we learnt, that on two or three occasions, little parties of the most able and determined of our companions had succeeded in getting on board and saving some papers and other light articles of value. But we were now given to understand, that these excursions had

terminated in the loss of the whole of the last adventurers, consisting of the officers and men before mentioned. It was believed that these had reached the wreck, as on former occasions, but, that while they were on board, the vessel had broken up, and both men and wreck had been swept into the ocean, as no appearance of either was to be seen from the island, though the weather was very clear. This was truly distressing information, for we were a united and affectionate crew; nor had we the most distant hope of the existence of a single individual of this party, until about three weeks after, when to our indescribable joy and surprise, they appeared in the midst of us at C——. As soon as hearty shaking of hands and congratulations, twenty times repeated, would allow, we received the following account of their late dangers and escape.—That, as we had been informed, they had occasionally succeeded in getting on board the wreck and saving some papers, &c. as well as rescuing a poor landsman, who had been left behind when the officers and crew quitted the wreck for the island;* but that the last time they set off,

* Those who are desirous of learning the particulars of this man's adventures, when left in the wreck, may be satisfied by consulting the eighth paper of "The Retrospect."

so much of the day was expended before they got on board, as to render it very unsafe to attempt returning the same evening; and, therefore, they made up their minds to pass the many hours of a stormy mid-winter night on board the wreck, as comfortably as circumstances would admit. When they arrived on board, it was low water, and the vessel, at that time of tide, always fell over on its larboard beam-ends, or left side; but as the tide came in, it gradually rose with the surrounding field of ice, and acquired a more upright position. This was the case during the first part of that night; but, after a while, the master was surprised at its not inclining, or falling over to the bank as usual. It being a very dark, snowy, and boisterous night, it was impossible to make any observations on surrounding objects; and the wreck still continuing in its high water position, the master was fearful lest it might have drifted off the bank, though he could scarcely conceive the possibility of such a thing. Having perforated the ice near the ship's side sufficient to drop the sounding lead through, his apprehensions were at once confirmed; for he found several fathoms of water between the ship's keel and the bottom. Such a discovery as this must, in an instant, produce a train of ideas and feelings which

none can truly enter into but those who are placed in a like situation with our companions. Darkness still surrounded them — a storm howled over their heads, and a deep ocean was beneath their feet—an ocean on whose surface they were borne up only by a wreck which was bilged in several places, dismantled aloft, and had its rudder and stern-post broken below water-mark—a wreck which was kept buoyant only by the adhering and extensive field of ice which surrounded it. Let any one then judge of their feelings, when, thus circumstanced, they believed themselves to be drifting out to sea, where the motion of the waves might justly be expected to break up the surrounding ice, and, of course, to let the wreck go, when it must sink without the possibility of assistance! At length daylight came, and confirmed their apprehensions! They found they were no longer within view of the island of N——, but were actually at sea, floating down the coast to the southward! Providentially, the weather had moderated, and as the water kept tolerably smooth on the coast, the ice continued firm about the vessel. The jolly-boat was yet on the booms, and this, with incredible labour, the little party launched over the side on the ice, but then they could do nothing with it; they could only look at the distant shore, down

which they were carried. Thus they passed several hours of the day, when the stream of tide at last swept them into the entrance of the Vogle, where, to their joy, the wreck once more grounded and remained stationary. They now set too, to launch the boat over fields of rugged ice, to the open pieces of water, which, here and there, lay between them and the land. But this was so laborious a work, that they had advanced but a little way when a party of fishermen and pilots, with a much lighter boat, met them. This savage gang did, indeed, assist to get our people on shore, but it was only with the view of plundering the wreck undisturbed, which they did to the utmost of their power; taking even from our companions the little provisions they had with them, and threatening the life of one of them, who appeared unwilling to surrender his biscuits, &c. to them. Indeed these fishermen and inhabitants of the coast where our people landed, are but a counterpart of some of our own countrymen, who, when an unfortunate wreck falls into their hands, appear to have neither the fear of God nor the common feelings of humanity about them. Cruel, indeed, are even the tender mercies of these wretches, falsely called Christians.

" There is no flesh in their obdurate hearts,
They do not feel for man; the nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire."

Cold, hungry, and almost exhausted, our friends had no alternative but to proceed to the nearest town, where, for paying well for it, they procured refreshment and rest, and, at a convenient opportunity, they travelled over land to C——, and surprised and rejoiced us, who had for many days given them up as inevitably lost.

Shortly after the barbarians had completed the plundering of the wreck, its frame timbers gave way, and soon the poor P—— was seen no more.

So far it is evident that we and our supposed lost companions had an unexpected and happy meeting. But there are many unexpected and happy meetings in another world, of which the above is but a faint shadow. It is now the lot of many a Christian minister, and of many a Christian parent, to labour among, and to pray for, and weep over, their profligate charge, or their inconsiderate sons and daughters.—Happy in their own souls, there is but one source of disquietude to ruffle their departing moments—but one thorn in their dying pillow; and that is, the want of real godliness in those

who are near and dear to them; and hence their many fears, that, though they have travelled far down the hill of time together, yet an eternity is likely to separate them, and different worlds are, in all probability, to become their future destination. This was David's case when his soul was on the wing for heaven, and he took a glance at what his children ought to be, and at what they really were. He himself exulted in the confident assurance, that the eternal God had made with him an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; but, alas! he saw there was little probability of his household following his steps on earth, or of their uniting with him in his praises above. (See 2 *Sam.* xxiii. 1—5.)

Whether the son of Jesse were afterwards happily disappointed in meeting any of his once profane children in glory, we have no scriptural authority to say. But we have the authority of a cloud of witnesses to assert, that many a minister who once went forth weeping, and almost despairing, among his people, has certainly beheld some of his once erring and straying flock, follow him into the fold of heaven. We are sure, that many a parent, who lived and died praying for the Ishmaels of their family, but almost despairing of an answer to their requests, have, not many years after,

been permitted to welcome the souls of their once prodigal children into the city and presence of the living God. Oh, reader! if thou art a minister, lamenting over thine apparently fruitless labours, and over a stiff-necked and gainsaying people;—or a parent, weeping over thy ungodly and ungrateful children;—or a husband, or a wife, sorrowing under the apprehensions of shortly being separated for ever from the partner of thy bosom, let me entreat thee to pray on; to take courage; to endeavour to hope against hope, seeing that the Lord's times are in his own hands, and that all things are possible with God. Remember what has been advanced in Nos. IV. and XI. of this little book, and then look on every side, and see what fresh instances will every where present themselves in proof, that the Lord is better to his poor, sorrowing, fearful children, than all their fears, and hopes, and expectations.

Yes; it is a delightful thought, that in heaven there will be many an unexpected and inconceivably happy meeting. Here we live so much the children of ignorance and prejudice, that we often dwell near the people of God, and yet are frequently induced to pass them by unobserved, or to consider them as aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and as strangers to the covenant of promise; and all this merely be-

cause they do not exactly tread in our steps, or pronounce our Shibboleth. Too often do we judge and pass sentence from the evidence of a few external acts and questionable appearances, while the hidden man of the heart remains concealed from our view; and hence our sentence is that of condemnation, in many cases, where He who searcheth the heart hath pronounced an acquittal. In short, the enemy of our souls now employs a thousand nameless stratagems to contract, deceive, and pervert our judgment. But in heaven this will all be done away. There, one Lord, one faith, one heart, and one song will unite the happy tribes, and bring many souls together, who, while on earth, scarcely hoped or dared to expect they should meet to be for ever of one mind. Of how many excellent of the earth, the sons and daughters of our own native land, do we from time to time read, with whom we could enjoy none of the privileges of acquaintance, of friendship, or Christian communion? They embarked on the voyage of life, and had run their course, before we drew the breath of life;—and of how many more do we obtain information, whose lots were cast in far distant lands, and whose customs and language were altogether different from ours, but whose souls were so refined and instructed by the Spirit of God, that we cannot but desire to enjoy near

and intimate communion with them? Yes, however some narrow and bigotted minds may think to the contrary, there are many in heaven who filled very different situations on earth, and embraced very different opinions respecting forms of government, church discipline, and some particular passages in holy writ. There have been, and still will be, a greater number of pious kings and conscientious republican senators, many episcopalian dignitaries, and many humble, independent teachers and presbyterian ministers, who once, on earth, led the devotions of their respective little flocks, or travelled from village to hamlet, to proclaim Jesus Christ crucified to the ignorant and forsaken inhabitants. There will be some of the rich and noble, and many of the once poor and despised, of whom we knew nothing in this world, but whom the Saviour knew as his own, and unto whom the angels ministered, while they, in their various stations, were endeavouring to serve God, and benefit mankind. All these, together with the noble army of martyrs, will hereafter meet, and rejoice to welcome us to their society, and to the presence and enjoyment of their kingdom and their Lord. Cold, indeed, must be that heart which does not long to enter on this happy state of existence, where all who were ever worth knowing and being loved, will be fully known to, and fer-

vently loved by, each other. Oh! what inexpressible delight must these unexpected meetings bring with them! With what ecstacy of joy will these happy souls salute each other; and with what transports of gratitude and love will they cast their crowns before the throne of the Eternal Jehovah, and proclaim the praises of him who was dead and is alive again, and hath redeemed them to God by his blood!

No. XIX.

MAN'S SPIRITUAL INSENSIBILITY.

"THIS PEOPLE'S HEART IS WAXED GROSS, AND THEIR EARS ARE DULL OF HEARING, AND THEIR EYES THEY HAVE CLOSED; LEST AT ANY TIME THEY SHOULD SEE WITH THEIR EYES, AND HEAR WITH THEIR EARS, AND SHOULD UNDERSTAND WITH THEIR HEARTS, AND SHOULD BE CONVERTED, AND I SHOULD HEAL THEM."
Matt. xiii. 15.

THIS is a striking picture of the human heart, as well as an explicit declaration of the cause of man's final destruction. "Light is come into the world, but men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." The spirit of God goes before them, and restrains their rebel will from a thousand acts of desperation, and draws, and urges them to a thousand rational and godly performances; but, alas! they fight against these suggestions; they turn away their eyes from those beams of light, which occasionally dart full on them from heaven. Nor is this all; they rush, voluntarily rush, into the thick darkness of sin, until their

hearts and understandings are so hardened and obscured, that they are more stupid and ungrateful, with respect to their Maker, than the brute creation is to those who attend and feed them. "The ox," saith the Lord, "knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people do not consider." Isaiah, i. 3. It is really surprising, how extensively this Scripture is verified in the conduct of many, who live under the highest advantages of knowing "the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent." They see his wisdom in the heavens above, and behold his providence and mercy in the earth beneath. Yet seeing, they, as it were, see not; and hearing, they do not understand. And why are these things so? Is there an irreversible decree which has either rendered them incapable of seeing, or forbidden them to acknowledge God in his works to the salvation of their souls? No: there is no such barrier between fallen man and heaven. Well aware are we, that "by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation;" but, blessed be a God of mercy, we also know, that by the righteousness of one (even of Christ) the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life." Rom. v. 18. Nay, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament

sheweth his handy work." The voice of these mighty preachers has gone forth through all the earth, and their words unto the end of the world. There is not a people or nation, of whatever colour or language, where they have not been heard, "for day unto day uttereth the solemn speech, and night unto night still sheweth proofs of heavenly wisdom." Psalm xix. 1—4. But men harden their hearts, and turn away their eyes, and stop their ears against the effects of these instructions. Not, indeed, that every peculiar doctrine of the gospel can be distinctly learnt from these preachers; but, that in them is discernible the great outline of the existence of a God of infinite wisdom, providence, and grace, is beyond a doubt, since the heathens themselves are pronounced to be without excuse, who did not thus acknowledge the eternal power and Godhead. Rom. i. 19, 20.

O! how different a race of creatures would men be, did they but attend to the still small voice within them, and keep their minds in attentive watchfulness to learn wisdom from those objects of creation and events of providence, which, in all countries and at all seasons, are about their path, and surrounding them in all their ways! And if the heathens of past and darker ages were pronounced inexcusable for not doing so, Oh! what will the end of those

nations and individuals be, who, enjoying the vast, the incalculable treasure of a Bible, do not know and honour God as he is displayed in the volume of his works, and in the pages of his written word? It were better for such had they never been born!

With reference to myself, every retrospective view crowds additional circumstances on the mind, wherein I can now perceive I had the most favourable and striking opportunities afforded of viewing the glorious operations and transcendant mercies of Him who created and sustained me. But these opportunities and means of grace my rebel heart either wholly overlooked, or considered as the mere common place occurrences in a life like mine. One event in particular I now recollect, as being well calculated to bring the mind to see and acknowledge the Lord, but which was altogether lost upon me at the time.

Having in the early part of the year taken five hundred troops on board, (part of the army under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, destined for the re-conquest of Egypt) we left Malta harbour in company with three other ships, and, for some days, proceeded to the eastward, generally accompanied by the stormy uncomfortable weather prevalent at that season. After coasting along the south side of Candia,

and the south and east shores of the Isle of Rhodes, we entered the gulph of Macri,* in one of whose harbours our fleet and army were collecting, previous to their grand descent on the coast of Egypt. The whole day had been boisterous, but as we approached the bottom of the gulph, the sky gathered up all the dismal frowns of a winter storm. The evening was within a little of setting in, and we were fast closing with a rocky shore to which all were strangers, except the vessel that acted as our pilot. The high mountains, lost in drifting clouds, seemed, as we drew nearer, to present to our prow nothing but one unbroken chain of stupendous rocks: and behind us was as dreary a sky as I had ever seen. Piles of dark black clouds rolled on each other, and followed us with increasing rapidity. The sea rose with uncommon haste, and reflected all that gloomy blackness which winter thunder-clouds cast on its surface. In short, every symptom indicated a furious elemental war. Thus our attention was engaged by alternately looking back at the

* See Dr. Clarke's Travels through Greece, &c. part the second and section the first, p. 231, &c. where this part of Asia Minor is described with that graphical vivacity which eminently distinguishes his very interesting travels.

pursuing storm, and forward to the approaching rocks, which still to every eye presented one unbroken reef of adamant, against which the foaming waves dashed and roared in vain. Shortly, however, the leading vessel edged away, entered between two promontories, and, taking a circular course, was soon hid behind the intervening hill. As we arrived at the spot, a narrow entrance presented itself, and we steered into it just as the black volume of electric clouds passed over our heads, and began to cover the tops of the surrounding pyramids. And now something of the truly sublime and grand displays of nature, and of nature's God commenced. No sooner had the towering hills around us pierced the floating clouds, than they acted on them like the discharger on the electric jar, and streams of vivid lightning poured in all directions through the thickset forests which covered their summit, and stretched down their sides. Such a scene would have been grand and big with interest to any men. To us it was especially so, who, from having been tossed about for several days in a rough sea, now all at once had shot into smooth water, and were gently gliding along the narrow inlet into the bay of Marmorice. On either side, and at a very small distance, rose the prodigious mountains, covered with

enormous myrtles and forest trees, from the water's edge to their highest elevation, exhibiting all the richness of perennial foliage. As no descent of rain or hail took place for some time, our upper deck was crowded with the troops, seamen, boys, and officers. The roaring thunder, now directly over our heads, was echoed and re-echoed from hill to hill across the spacious bay, with a grandeur utterly unknown in level countries, or on the open sea. Every person seemed to feel an indescribable sensation at this voice of the Almighty, "thundering in the excellency of his power," and every peal seemed to endear the retreat, the unlooked-for shelter we now enjoyed. A short time was sufficient to sail through the narrow winding entrance, so that in the midst of our interesting survey of the woods on either hand, and of the lightning tearing through their mantling coverts, we were yet more delightfully surprised at our sudden entrance into one of the most spacious and perhaps complete anchorages in the world. Here we found several British ships of war, and a great number of transports filled with troops: and here, within this vast basin, the whole collected navy of Great Britain might have been completely land-locked and secure from every storm at sea. Being soon moored, we rode out a tempestuous night

in perfect safety, and in all the unconcern of beings who knew not God, or never had heard of his power, or partaken of his goodness, although we had just witnessed a display of both! Why did I not attend their voice? I who had not only partaken of his many providential mercies, but had tasted somewhat of his grace? Surely I might have seen some emblems of the Christian's life, some representations of the Saviour's mercies, and of the soul's security in him, in what had just transpired, had not my mind been deeply in love with sin, and rendered callous by its magic power.

What the gathering storm, the frowning rocks, and the breaking waves were in a temporal point of view, a sense of sin and a discovery of our real state is in a spiritual one; and what the same harbour was to our tempest-driven vessel, that, and more than that, is Jesus Christ to the spiritually weather-beaten pilgrim.

When the Spirit of Truth makes inquisition for sin, guilt is then felt, because man beholds himself a child of wrath by nature, and a condemned criminal by means of his practice. In this salutary, but unhappy, stage of things, he often looks behind, and every glance discovers blacker darkness and nearer approaching storms.

He looks forward and sees nothing but apparent rocks of judgment, waves of wrath, without one inlet-shelter for his trembling soul. This is a time of trouble and dismay, an hour when succouring mercy is the all in all. Oh! what an unspeakable happiness is it at such a time as this to find that haven where the trembling spirit would be?—to find Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, as *our* Saviour, *our* hiding place from the storm, and covert from the tempest. Isaiah, xxxii. 1, 2. and xxv. 4.

Him having found, the thunders of the broken law may echo forth all their condemnation—Him having found, the sword of vengeance and of justice, like the fluid stream, may blaze on every side, yet the soul can rest secure; and blest with a sense of his pardoning love, it can smile away every pursuing storm, and pass in sweet tranquillity the waves of death, and the rocks of judgment. The very thoughts of these once almost congealed the very soul. Nay more, they will guide his happy, pardoned spirit, into that haven of rest which it so anxiously sought for its final refuge.

Our animal spirits experienced a kind of thrilling joy on beholding such a harbour as Marmorice all at once open to our view. But, oh! what sensations, what delights,

" Invade, possess, and overwhelm the soul
Of him whom Hope has with a touch made whole!
'Tis heav'n, all heav'n descending on the wings
Of the glad legion of the King of kings:
'Tis more—'tis God diffus'd through every part;
'Tis God himself triumphant in the heart!
O! welcome now the sun's once hated light;
His noon-day beams were never half so bright.
Not kindred minds alone are call'd t'employ
Their hours, their days, in list'ning to his joy;
Unconscious nature, all that he surveys,
Rocks, seas, and groves, must join him in his praise.
These are thy glorious works, eternal Truth,
The scoff of wither'd age and beardless youth;
These move the censure and illib'ral grin
Of fools, that mock thee and delight in sin."
But these shall fill *my* soul with lasting praise,
Illume my nights, and gild my fleeting days,
Till summon'd hence I quit this lower scene,
And gaze for ever on the bright serene.

We did not leave Marmorice until the whole of our troops and ships had assembled there, which took up some weeks. During our stay we experienced a great variety of weather: at one time cheered with all the delights of a day of June in England, at another surrounded with hurricanes, hail-storms, thunder and lightning, such as I had never witnessed elsewhere. Sometimes the nights were so quiet, that all the howlings of the wolves, jackalls, and wild-boars in the surrounding woods and mountains, were

heard through the middle watch, as distinctly as the barking of our village dogs at home. Then perhaps the next night such furious gusts of wind would continue to roar through the masts and tackling of the fleet as destroyed the sound of every thing else. One day, in particular, we experienced a remarkable storm of thunder and hail, when pieces of solid ice, from the size of swan-shot to that of pigeons' eggs, descended in such quantities as soon to drive every person off the upper decks, and greatly to annoy those who were out in boats. The succeeding night was ushered in with a most tremendous gale of wind, and thunder and lightning. One ship had a mast shivered to pieces by the electric fluid, and several were torn from their anchors; some driven foul of others, and some cast on shore, so that reports of cannon and peals of thunder, flashes of signal guns of distress and glare of lightning, were the prominent characteristics of that night. Providentially, the sea could not rise high within the bay, so that no ship was totally wrecked, though many were much injured. Ours rode through all in perfect safety. But, as Mr. Collins, who was then in Marmorice, has observed, "On shore the calamity was dreadful indeed; a weight of water falling on the mountains, swelled the rivulets into rivers,

and the waterfalls into mighty cataracts; and sweeping over the lower parts of the bay, with increasing violence, inundated the vales beneath, and carried desolation in their train. Several of the hospital tents were overthrown, and the sickly inhabitants washed from their couches, several of whom soon after expired. And had not that omnipotent Being who walketh on the wings of the wind, controuled the storm, and caused the torrent unexpectedly to cease, most of the invalids must have perished by it." (See Collins's Voyage up the Mediterranean, &c. p. 200, 2d edition.)*

Yet all these things, together with my own good health and unnumbered mercies, were ungratefully overlooked. Surrounded as we then were by a country famed in holy writ for the grand displays of grace which it had long witnessed, I cannot but feel self-condemned on every recollection of my then unconcern and contempt of all around me. Here the very hills and vallies, once traversed by the great apostle Saint Paul, lay actually within our view. Here, but a few miles off, stood once

* Unknown as the pious author of this voyage is to the writer of these Essays, the latter cannot but feel a pleasure in recommending his work as an interesting Christian narrative of facts.

the famous Temple of Diana, the Christian Ephesus, and the lukewarm Laodicea; and not far thence the other five apocalyptic churches. Every spot was quite replete with striking admonitions to such a poor half-awakened backsliding creature as myself. But all, in a spiritual point of view, was then as uninteresting as the shores of Lapland or drifts of polar snow.

At length we sailed from Marmorice, and soon reached the shores of Egypt, where we anchored and landed our troops, many of whom left their bones in its inhospitable sands; and many who escaped the sword of the enemy and the deadly plague, so peculiar to the climate, lost their sight, and returned to their native country in all the darkness of a sunless world. Many were the deaths and calamities from which a merciful Providence delivered me during our six months' stay in this part of the Mediterranean. But my heart seemed, like Pharoah's, to wax harder under repeated displays of judgment and mercy. Some few moments of serious reflection would now and then intrude, but these were transient things. Warlike preparations, and crowds of swearing troops talking profanely of their former fights and debaucheries, or of the battles yet to fight, these were sad obstructions in my moral path. They but ill accorded with a growth of grace in

any soul, much less in mine, which still chose darkness rather than light, avd loved its gloom, because my deeds were evil. Surely I was a bond-slave in Egypt. Blessed be a God of long forbearing mercy, that my carcase did not fall in its wilderness, or my comrades dig my grave in its polluted and accursed sands!

Unhappy country! whoever would see what sin has done in bringing a curse on a whole nation, let him travel thy dreary plains, and gaze upon thy wretched "servants of servants." This was a land once eminently famed for arts and sciences, and once blessed with that gospel which is able to make men wise unto salvation, through faith that is in Jesus Christ. But what is it now? The very land of ignorance and barbarism itself, the fountain-head of all that is hateful and vile, without one commendable feature to enliven the horrid picture! Here the Saviour's name is altogether reviled, and, "a *Christian dog*" is the most despicable epitaph that can be given to man! This is the country, and its inhabitants are the people, of whom it may, especially, be said, "Because they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient. Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, mali-

ciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful: who, when they were blessed with a full tide of grace and gospel light, and knew the judgments of God, that they who commit such things are worthy of death, not only did the same, but had pleasure in others also that did them." Rom. i. 28—32.

No. XX.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

"AS UNKNOWN, AND YET WELL KNOWN; AS DYING, AND BEHOLD, WE LIVE." 2 Cor. vi. 9.

THIS paradox of the great Apostle is happily explained and exemplified in the experience and by the lives, of many of the children of God, who while they pass through this world unknown to the vain and ambitious part of mankind, are well known to the saints on earth, and to the ministering angels from heaven, as those who, when they die, will live among the blessed tribes of a better world. Among no description of men on earth is the assertion of the poet so fully realized as among that of consistent Christians. Among the real followers of Christ Jesus may it truly be said,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

But neither the justice nor truth of this observation is confined to Christian characters.

They will hold good when applied to many individuals, on whom Providence has bestowed more than a common share of mind and intellect. Many in every civilized country have pined away life in secret complainings, that they were such flowers, and so doomed to waste their sweetness in a world which either could not, or would not, appreciate their worth. Undoubtedly, some of these have had their more just cause of complaint than others; nor is it denied but many of them really merited far more patronage from the world than they ever received. But after all, the greater portion of their unhappiness was not so much the necessary and unavoidable consequences of the neglect of the world, as it was those of a want of real Christianity in the heart. Indeed, there are few circumstances in which the superior and blessed effects of the gospel shine more conspicuous than in those now before us. How widely different is the case of a good and humble follower of the despised Saviour under the ills and pressures of want, the pains and trials of a sick bed, and the neglect and contempt of an ignorant, ungodly world; how widely different, I say, is this man's state of mind to that of the person of fine feelings and impoverished circumstances, whose soul and views are rivetted to this earth, whose heaven he

would fain have in this lower world, but who lives to see this idolized earth year after year withhold its smiles, its favours, and its wealth from him! Wretchedness is inseparable from such a state. Every such character is like the unhappy Micah of old, who, when spoiled of his forbidden idols, exclaimed, in the bitterness of his soul, "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?" (Judges, xviii. 24.) But with the real Christian things are not so. The world may overlook him; ignorant men may despise his understanding; and unjust men may rob him of his few earthly comforts. But neither the world at large, nor ignorant nor unjust men in particular, can bereave him of his hope, or spoil him of his treasure; because his hope and treasure are lodged secure beyond the grasp of men, and far beyond the devastation even of time itself. The fact is, this world is not his home, it has not his heart, it is not his treasure; its people are not his people, nor are its ways and delights his ways; on the contrary,

"His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes, nor ears, have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

" He wants no pomp, nor royal throne,
To raise his figure here;
Content and pleas'd to live unknown,
Till Christ his life appear.

" He looks to heaven's eternal hills,
To meet that glorious day;
And hails his Saviour's chariot wheels;
And chides their long delay."

For want of this state of mind, of these consolations, which the gospel furnishes to man, poor Burns, the favourite Northern bard, and many others lived only to taste the bitters of the cup of life, to drink unceasing potions of distress, and to hurry on, from stage to stage, into the very goal of sad despondency itself. Unhappy Burns! he drew in glowing faithful colours the wisdom and happiness of seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and in his " Cotter's Saturday Night" made it appear, that " man wants but little here below." Yet he despised or overlooked the picture his own hand had drawn, and quite neglected all the lessons he himself had taught. He even descended so low as to court the smile and approbation of an ungodly world, by writing his " Holy Fair," &c., and in the event lost not only the consolations of the Gospel, but the caresses of his beloved world itself. True, Scotland just now seems determined to respect his memory,

and to build him some monumental pile; but he is dead, and now,

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to his mansions call his wasted breath?
Can honour's voice provoke his silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

No, he is gone beyond their reach; and in the page of history's volume poor Burns must stand recorded as a man who sunk beneath those frowns and ills of life, which real Christian hope could well have borne. So likewise sunk the elegant and impressive author of the "Night Thoughts," a melancholy instance of poor inconsistent man. He groaned beneath the crosses of this world; he was deeply taught in all its empty vagrant smiles; and yet he urged his way to catch its passing shadows through every year of his existence, and seemed more eager to grasp the perishing things of earth and time, as a dread eternity approached his door. With Burns and many others he might catch the words from Medea's lips, and say with truth,

"Video meliora, proboque, Deteriora sequor*."

History, for the most part, exhibits the names and feats of one part of mankind, whose lives were expended in disturbing the peace of others,

* The best I see and can approve,
The worst I still pursue and love.

and in aggrandizing themselves. It tells us who have reared, or who endeavoured to rear, pyramids and columns to their own fame at the expense and blood of their oppressed and groaning fellow-men. But the humble, retired, pious Christian finds no biographer to hold up his better and more worthy actions to the imitation of the world. He dies as he lived, little known and less regretted; and his ashes mingle with their mother earth:

> "No marble tells us where; for with his name
> No bard embalms and sanctifies his song."

Nor does he regret this lack of human praise. His record is on high, and his emancipated spirit, once free from earth, dwells in peace and blessedness so pure and perfect, that human acclamations would but ruffle and pollute his joy. Yet one such name shall be snatched from entire oblivion, at least so far as the humble pages of this little work can preserve it. And although the world of vain and busy men may neither thank the biographer, nor esteem the man of whom he writes, the Christian reader will accept this little free-will offering, and give it a place among the proofs, that gospel doctrines received into the heart do much improve men's characters, and raise their worth, whatever rank or station they may hold in society.

James Stuart, while he was a soldier in the service of his earthly prince, was also a real combatant beneath his banner who came to pull down the strong holds and kingdom of satan, and to establish his own empire of righteousness and peace on earth; and he would have been one of the kindest and best of friends to him who now records his name, had not a trifling, vain, pompous heart kept the proffered good at a distance.

Three years of traversing round the Mediterranean were well nigh ended, when the writer met this truly Christian soldier;—of course he had received many mercies within that period, and had gained some experience of men and characters. These circumstances he now feels as only adding to his crime in slighting such a man as Stuart. Every person conversant with a soldier's life will readily allow, that no situation in a regiment is more harassing, or more vexatious and trying to the temper, than that of serjeant-major, as he is in a great measure answerable for the conduct of all the non-commissioned officers and privates in the regiment. This was the station which Stuart filled with so much satisfaction to his superiors, and to all beneath him, that he was enabled to render his country no small service at a time when a spirit of insubordination and mutiny had manifested

itself in the regiment to which he belonged, and in some others on the same station. It is not necessary nor agreeable to the writer's feelings to enter into the particulars of this most delicate affair. It is enough for him to say, that the noble conduct of Stuart cast such a lustre round him, as could not be overlooked or forgotten by any description of men who were at hand. The occasion, which it is not now thought proper to explain, was a most critical and trying one to the feelings and judgment not of one officer, but of all; and none felt more keenly than did worthy Stuart for the honour of his regiment, and for his own name as a Christian and a soldier.

There are times in a military and naval life when men are called upon to act, almost instantaneously, a great decisive part, without the lapse of many seconds for the yeas and nays of cogent argument to agitate the scale. Then are found the happiness and privilege of having an almighty and unerring Counsellor; one whose ever-present Spirit reads the untold desires of the heart, knows all our difficulties, and can impart all needful wisdom to plan, and all-sufficient energy to perform, let the exigence be what it may. All this our Stuart was happily sensible of, not merely as a scriptural theory; but blest experience had more than once taught it in the practical lessons of his life, and particularly on

the above occasion. So that while his conduct gained him universal esteem throughout the ranks, it shortly after procured a very unusual mark of royal bounty in his favour. But before he met this honourable proof of the high respect of his superiors, about 400 of his regiment, with himself and most of the commissioned officers, embarked on board our ship for a passage to England. Here our acquaintance first commenced; and as some weeks elapsed before they disembarked, I had repeated opportunities of witnessing, in Stuart's conduct, the unusual combination of every thing that constituted the good soldier, and the first rate Christian. He was always cheerful, always at his duty, never ruffled, never disobeyed. He was the first Christian character I had met with since I embarked on board a ship. Nay, he was the very first decidedly pious Christian that had ever fallen in my way, so as to engage my notice. I could not but esteem him, and approve all his conduct; yet there was much fear mixed with my respect. I much longed to enter into frequent conversation with him, while, at the same time, I trembled at his thorough consistency and deep sensible piety; and therefore, strange as it may seem, I often shunned the very man I revered, and for whose society I felt an irresistible preference. Sometimes I stole to his apartment

in the dusk of the evening; and sometimes, during part of the first watches on deck, when I was left alone to carry on the duty of the ship, I enjoyed his edifying conversation. No doubt he saw through all my paltry, Nicodemus-like spirit; but he had imbibed too much of his blessed Lord's mind to resent such behaviour. However vain and inconsistent my conduct might appear, he never failed to embrace every opportunity I gave him to say something that was wise, and holy, and just, and good. On leaving the ship he presented me with a neat edition of Watts's Psalms and Hymns, as a memorial of Christian regard. This little book I have preserved and possessed to this very day; but alas! I knew not at that time the value of the donor; and my vanity and dread of the reproach and sneer of the world soon led me to cut out the leaf on which Stuart's name was written, lest I should be suspected of entertaining a friendship for one who might be considered not only as beneath me in rank, but as being a Methodist. Thus did I slight and dishonour one of those whom God esteems as the excellent of the earth; and never afterwards, so long as I continued at sea, had I a second Stuart thrown in my path. This circumstance I could wish to be ever before the reader and myself, as an inducement to more watchfulness in future,

that so we may know the day of our visitation, and improve these peculiar seasons and means of grace, which at different times bless and distinguish the lives of all men.

O what would I not afterwards have frequently given for the presence and counsel of James Stuart, in many subsequent difficulties and trials, as I traversed the bosom of the deep, and dwelt among those who were strangers and enemies to the Christian peace! But these desires were then in vain.

That Providence which threw him in my way was pleased to baffle our progress to England by contrary winds, and thus prolonged the unmerited and undervalued blessing beyond what might have been expected. But at length these impediments were overcome, and we landed our companions in arms on British soil: many of us to meet no more until we assemble before the throne of God. As to Stuart, he was almost immediately presented, by the Commander-in-Chief, with a lieutenant's commission, and sailed very soon after with his regiment for the West Indies. There he was shortly called into active service, and was killed in mounting a breach at the head of a storming party; and thus, in the flower of life, and in the midst of growing usefulness, was taken from the evil to come, and admitted into that rest which remains

for the people of God, without his name being engraved on monumental columns, or blazoned abroad through the pages of history. Nor does his happy spirit grieve the want of heraldry record or monumental inscription on earth; it has obtained a record and an honour which this world cannot give nor take away.

It would not be advancing too much to say, that in point of real merit, good soldiership, and sterling Christian piety, he was more worthy of high rank than many who have possessed and now do possess it. But he envied no man the smiles of this world. He felt it his duty, and he made it his aim, to occupy, as in the sight of God, with his entrusted talent, and to fill up usefully, and therefore honourably, the station in which it had pleased God to place him. Let not then any mad and plundering Macedonian Alexander, any ambitious Roman Cæsar, or any perjured French marshal, hear with a disdainful smile, the short and simple annals of one who was

"A flower born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air;"

of one, who, while he was unknown to many of the children of this world, was well known to those whom the Eternal Author of all being denominates "the excellent of the earth." With these his memory lives, although his

mortal part be dead, And in the kingdom of God's dear Son he is known by saints and angels, with whom, and with the Saviour himself, he will live for ever. Among all who knew Stuart there was but one opinion; and that was, that had his life been spared, and a field of action laid by Providence before him, he would have drawn the public attention to deeds of wisdom and zeal for God and his country.

Many a brave soldier, in the continental armies, rose, during the late wars, from humble posts to very exalted stations; yet few of them possessed more zeal than Stuart, and none perhaps half his real piety and social worth. Happy indeed should I now esteem myself in Stuart's friendship, were he alive. Whatever were his rank, I feel confident, he would not shun me as I once did him; but he would embrace an humble village pastor in the arms of meek forgiveness and Christian love. Yes, he would come forth and meet the prodigal, and kindly interrupt me while I confessed my pride and vanity.—But why do I thus run on? He can no more advise us wayward mortals for our good. He is not now permitted to impart the heavenly themes of gospel truths to such ungrateful beings as myself. We must hold no more converse till the hand that now writes has ceased to move, and the spirit that now in-

fluences its motions has forsaken this body of sin and death. Once, like Barachel's son, (Job, xxxii. 11, &c.) "he waited for my words, and gave an attentive ear to all I said. And when he spoke, his words were of the uprightness of his heart, his lips they uttered knowledge clearly;" and, like another Buzite, he would pour out his sweet instructions and gentle kind rebukes. But all these times and means of grace are fled, and Stuart is gone to listen to the voice of angels and saints and seraphs, and to unite in their song of praise which knows no end.

Happy, happy Christian soldier! cut down in the path of duty, thy soul at once escaped, before its earthly tenement had fallen into ruins, or wearied thee by lingering painful sickness.

So would I fall in the active service of my gracious Lord, before the infirmities of old age have cramped the active mind, and made me burthensome to others and to myself!

No. XXI.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

"NOT UNTO US O LORD, NOT UNTO US, BUT UNTO THY NAME GIVE GLORY, FOR THY MERCY, AND FOR THY TRUTH'S SAKE.—Psalm cxv. 1.

OFTEN since the twenty-first of October, 1805, the writer's mind has retraced a variety of scenes which occurred in the memorable battle of that day off the hills of Trafalgar. History has handed down, and will continue to transmit to posterity, the principal transactions of that day's fight, as replete with military honour and political consequence to the British empire. But in none of these accounts has he been able to discover any thing like a desire in the historian to see and acknowledge the superintending and overruling providence of God, to make any spiritual improvement of the subject, or to exclaim "Not unto us O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the praise." It will, therefore, be his object in this paper to cast a Christian glance at that day's transactions,

and to introduce a few observations and reflections on some of these occurrences, and on a few which followed, as he thinks other historians ought to have noticed, but which they have passed over in silence.

As Lord Nelson was justly apprehensive, that the enemy would not leave Cadiz while the British fleet was in view, he kept a considerable way to the westward out of sight of land, and placed a chain of ships between himself and the shore, to communicate every particular of their motions.

The D——, the ship in which the writer was then serving, was the nearest seventy-four to the harbour, our frigates only being between us and the shore; of course we had very early intimations of all that was passing in Cadiz. On the nineteenth we had the gratification of seeing the combined fleet completely at sea, and of transmitting accounts from time to time of all their motions to our commander-in-chief, who immediately began to move towards the shore.

Here it ought to be noticed, that had the enemy put to sea a little sooner, our fleet would have been so very unequal as hardly to have opposed resistance, at least quite unable to take or destroy them; and this not only from the circumstance of several ships being absent procuring water, but because some others in-

tended as reinforcements were not arrived from England. But that God, whose eye was on our country for good, so ordered it, that, contrary to the enemy's expectations, several of the absentees, and not a few ships from home, from time to time came in so opportunely, as to form a fleet of twenty-seven sail of the line by the time the enemy had put to sea, under the idea that Lord Nelson's force did not exceed fifteen or sixteen ships.

The combined fleet amounted to thirty-three sail of the line, many of which were much heavier than any of ours, and containing, on the whole, several thousands more men; an important difference, it is true, when ship has to grapple with ship at close quarters, which was always Nelson's favourite plan, and the mode of fighting in this action. But this superiority of numbers on the enemy's side did not for a moment damp any individual's spirits in our fleet. Indeed, the writer has often reflected with surprise on the unbounded confidence our seamen and marines place in themselves; a confidence, which in a physical and political point of view may, perhaps, be attended with some advantages for a time, but in a moral one, must, sooner or later, end in their own confusion. No scriptural truths can be more clearly stated than these: "That the Lord is jealous for the honour

of his own great name;"—"That his honour he will not give unto another;"—that "power belongeth unto God, and he giveth the battle to whom he will." In the Bible we learn, that "the Lord covers men's heads in the day of conflict;" and, that if a stripling throws a stone from his sling, so as to pierce an armed gigantic Goliah's skull, it is, because Jehovah delivers the mighty champion into the hand of the shepherd youth. And when this youth had grown up to manhood, and was exercised in war and in the rule of a kingdom, and as a king and an experienced general, had led his hosts forth to the battle, "smiting the Philistines until his hand was weary, and his hand clave unto the sword," it is expressly said, "that the LORD wrought a great victory that day." So when Naaman, Captain of the host of the King of Syria, had fought the battles of his country with great success, it is said, "that by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria."*

Scriptures to this effect might be multiplied to almost any length; and yet, from what the writer has seen and known of the British navy, he feels confident there are no men who more completely look to themselves for victory, and

* See 2 Kings, v. 1. and Mr. Scott's Note on the passage.

shut out the superintending providence of God from the event of a battle. Nor is this arrogance confined to the seamen and officers of our fleets. With a few exceptions, the whole nation has long been deeply sunk into this species of infidelity. So long as Lord Nelson was at sea, the fears of ten thousands were quelled, and England was supposed to be in safety under *his* protection. Far be it from the writer to detract from that great man what was really his due, and further, if possible, be it, that he should assign to him or to any mortal what was and is due only to the Lord. Nelson was a man of great professional wisdom, great courage, zeal, and perseverance. And who endowed him with these qualities? God, the author and giver of every good and perfect gift. Nelson was the instrument of defence to this nation, as Naaman had formerly been to Syria, and Joab to the kingdom of Israel. But who directed and prospered their several exertions and respective instrumentality? God, in whose hands are the hearts of all men, "whose is the power and the glory, and the victory," and who works mighty deliverances for one nation, and inflicts awful judgments on another, by what means and instruments he pleases. O! that our country at large, that our princes, and statesmen, and admirals, and generals in particular, were more impressed with this important truth! It was

glorious sight in the late dreadful conflict between the allied armies and the troops of Bonaparte, that scourge of Europe, to behold three Sovereigns kneeling in the open field, and publicly adoring that Power which was beginning to put to flight the armies of licentious infidel France. It was a noble instance of good sense, sound policy and genuine piety, worthy to be had in remembrance by all ranks and orders of men. So was the conduct of the brave and victorious Lord Duncan worthy of every British admiral's imitation; who had no sooner completed the victory of the 11th of October 1797, than he assembled all who had survived the conflict, and on the quarter-deck publicly returned thanks to that "Almighty God and Sovereign Commander of the world, in whose hands is power and might;" and he and his surviving officers and crew were actually employed in ascribing all the glory of their happy victory to God the giver of all victory, when the Dutch Admiral came on board to surrender his sword and himself to the pious veteran then on his knees *.

Lord Nelson's determination through life was what his words more than once expressed: "If I live, I will be renowned." That renown he did obtain, almost to the full of human desires.

* It is said, that the Dutch admiral was greatly *affected with this* solemn scene.

Nor would the writer have had one atom of it kept back. But there is a renown far above all that our hero ever received, or ever will receive; a Christian renown, which every real believer would have rejoiced to bestow—a renown, which Britain's aged monarch at this day possesses, and which he will possess when time shall be no more.*

* In the British Review of March, 1817, there is the following just panegyric on our virtuous, venerable, and beloved Sovereign:—

"For these five-and-twenty years past our country has been exposed to far greater dangers than at any former period. Partial changes of the constitution, the transitions of power, the struggles for empire, the agitations of faction, or even the convulsions of intestine war, are events involving more or less of evil; but they have their measure and their boundary, and sometimes their compensations. But the deposition of God from his throne in the heart, is an evil of which no thought of man can calculate the amount, or measure the extent. To the verge of this evil we were brought, together with the rest of Europe, by the moral contagion of French principles, especially in the first years of the revolutionary æra. The source of Britain's safety through that menacing period was *the moral and religious example of the King*. He was, more than his own great minister, "the pilot that weathered the storm." While all around was vacillating, and Europe sinking fast into the vortex—while a vain and visionary philosophy was divorcing

But to return to that part of our subject from which we digressed. Our situation on board the D——, during the whole night after the enemy had come without their harbour, was

man from his Maker, and writing her decreees with the blood of her votaries, Great Britain's King, armed with intrepid moderation and steady purpose, pursued his right honest course, through good and evil report: rose early, visited first the house of God, and, after the regular dispatch of business, divided the day between manly amusements, frugal repast, and peaceable, pure, and home delights. Old and infirm, and bereaved of sight, he yet preserved a heart unchanged —a moral courage unsubdued. Still at the sun rise, though it rose not to him, he was at his orisons. Still his duty to his people came next to that which belonged to his Maker and his Saviour. Still his family felt his tender care, and yielded him his usual solace. The ornament of his domestic circle, his gentle and pious daughter, was taken from him; and his reason lasted only to receive her last farewell, and mingle his blessings with her dying accents. Half in heaven, and separated from the taint of all earthly communion, he lives in the deep retirement of his palace, solitary, sequestered, silent—but not forgotten. The remembrance of him still rules, his example is still profitable, the nation still hears, and is edified by hearing, that his grey hairs do not descend in sorrow to the grave, that his very aberrations are holy, and high, and happy; and that God, who has taken from him reason, has, in exchange, given him peace."

both critical and interesting. The absence of the moon, and the stormy cloudy state of the weather, rendered it exceedingly dark, so that we came very near the combined fleet without their being able to discern us. While we concealed every light, they continued to exhibit such profusions of them, and to make night signals in such abundance, that we seemed, at times, in the jaws of a mighty host ready to swallow us up. We, however, felt no alarm, being confident that we could fight our way, or fly, if occasion required it. The former was, certainly, the more congenial to all our feelings; yet, in the face of an enemy's whole fleet, we did not regret that our ship was a fast sailer.

As the morning approached the clouds broke away, and the sky was marked with every sign of a fine day, which no sooner dawned upon us, than we beheld thirty-three sail of the enemies' line between us and the land. Of course we stood off towards the point whence we expected to intercept our fleet; and in a short time discovered the advanced ships, steering in the most happy direction to prevent the enemies proceeding through the Gut of Gibraltar This their commander in chief soon perceived; and choosing rather to risk an action than to put back into Cadiz again, he formed his ships into a compact

and beautiful line of battle, and lay to, waiting our approach.

To draw a picture of this forenoon, and of all the succeeding events, would be no easy task for a far more able pen than mine; and to draw such an one as would please all parties would be impossible. The mere worldling, the child of vanity and ambition, would choose those scenes to be pourtrayed, and those alone, which led to the various conquests on one side, and to the numerous defeats on the other. To him the whole conflict would be viewed as the contest of so many gladiators. And as strength of arm and resolute courage prevailed, so would his admiration be excited, and so would it end. On the other hand, the Christian would prefer those parts which marked the finger of God, and exhibited instruction and admonition to the world. The first class must, therefore, excuse my not studiously endeavouring to gratify them, and the latter will accept what I am able to do in compliance with their wishes.

Our fleet had long pursued the enemy down the longitudinal stretch of the Mediterranean, and repeatedly across the Atlantic, without once gaining sight of the fugitives, till this morning. And now the long expected, and much wished-for combat seemed to be at hand. Many a bo-

som heaved, and many a heart beat high, in anxious expectation and glowing hopes of victory, promotion, honours or peace, as the result of the day's contest. A little before noon the enemy opened their fire on our fleet as we stood down to them, and soon afterwards their line was broken through in two places, and the action became mixed and general over a large space of the before peaceful ocean, and all the havoc of a great sea-fight went forward on a large scale.

Could all the inhabitants of Europe, or even some of every class, previous to the commencement of the action, have stood and looked on, with what different emotions would they have contemplated the surrounding scenes, and the impending encounter! Nature, that day, seemed to invite the world to lift up its voice, and to praise the God of love. The tranquil ocean, the gentle and refreshing breeze that swept its surface, and the expanded cloudless sky, all seemed to call on men to be at peace with each other, and to "Glory in the Lord who executeth loving-kindness, judgment, and justice in the earth as his delightful work." The very winds that bore the fleets towards each other seemed to do it with lingering reluctance; and angels, who minister to man, might justly be conceived to sorrow over the sins of distracted Europe, as

the source from whence twenty years of war and fighting had proceeded, and which were now about to pour out a vial of wrath on our devoted heads.

At that time our nation was placed in real danger. The tyrant arm of Bonaparte had so gained in strength, and his plans had so succeeded, as to subjugate almost all this quarter of the globe; and England appeared on the eve of bowing down her neck to his iron collar. This many a Christian and many a mere worldly politician saw, and could not but tremble at the sight. Who, then, could have looked on the approaching events of this day with indifference? Not the Christian. For while pity would have wrung his heart for poor, bleeding, dying men, his prayers would have ascended to the throne of grace for his country's safety; for God to fight her battles, and stay, as soon as his justice would allow, the murdering sword from further havoc and destruction. The wisdom of arrangements, and the valour of our captains, would have been but secondary considerations to animate his mind. The LORD, the omnipotent Jehovah, would have been his first and great dependence. To him he would have addressed his prayer for a present victory, and a speedy peace; and then, with his eyes bedewed in tears, but with his heart submissive to the

will of heaven, he would have watched the deadly contest to its close. And when victory waved her banner through our shattered, blood-stained fleet, how would his very soul have offered itself up in praises to him who conquereth by many or by few!

Far different would have been the workings of the mere politician's mind. To look to heaven rather than to Nelson,—to rely on wisdom and power from above to instruct our hands to war, and nerve our arms to fight; this would have been condemned as idle, visionary, enthusiastic ruin; and, in the wisdom of this world, would have been esteemed a sure presage of our defeat. The groans of dying men, the lamentations of a host of orphan babes and widowed matrons; the sighs and tears of sisters, and fathers, and mothers weeping over their slain relatives, would have been trifles too insignificant to arrest the thoughts or feelings of a mere political character. All his soul would have been swallowed up in the anticipation of defeat or victory, as was the case of by far the greater part of all engaged in arms that day, and of myself among that number.

Let not the writer be misunderstood. He knows that among those who bear the sword in defence of our country, there are many who, for humanity, and all the tender social feelings that

adorn human nature, are not surpassed by any of their friends in civil life. There are, however, others, who *delight* in war for its own sake, and esteem it the most happy and convenient road to wealth, preferment, and honour. These are not much annoyed by fine and tender feelings, or the voice of conscience. Ambition in such men's bosoms is a sovereign antidote to all the workings of that benevolent spirit which will, ere the end of time, unite the world in one close tie of friendship and brotherly love.

Insatiable as was Lord Nelson's thirst for naval fame, it must be recorded to his honour, that he was remarkable for humanity; and had he never known Lady Hamilton, the fate of poor *Caraccioli* abroad, and the tears of an amiable wife at home, would never have tarnished this part of his character*.

When we read the past history of our own or any other country, it is impossible not to be struck with the amazing indifference with which many princes and statesmen have stood by and looked on the sufferings and slaughter of their fellow-creatures. But, least of all, do they appear to have considered the poor devoted victims of their ambition as being possessed of im-

* See Southey's Life of Lord Nelson, vol. ii. ch. vi. and vii.

mortal souls, or of the unspeakable importance of hurrying one such soul, unprepared, into the presence of its Judge. Hence they have often numbered and arranged their fleets and armies for battle with as little of Christian feeling about them, and, as it concerned the spiritual state of the individuals themselves, with much the same indifference as they would marshal their troops and castles on the chess-board in an hour of idle amusement. But shall men train up thousands of their brethren to the arts of war; and entice or compel them to go forth to the slaughter of each other, as every petty cavil of state politics may discompose their selfish ambitious views; shall these, we ask, after they have made the world an aceldema, a field of blood, stand acquitted, as having no concern with the souls of those myriads which their wars and fightings have thus hurried into an eternity? This doctrine may pass in some courts, and fleets, and camps, but not in the judgment of a reflecting mind, much less at the bar of heaven. We believe that our country is less guilty in this particular than any other; and may He, in whose hands are the hearts of all men, ever preserve its rulers and statesmen from the love and practice of unnecessary wars!

"*England expects every man to do his duty*" was the signal made by our commander not long

before the leading ships commenced their fire. And as far as men's judgments went, and the local and peculiar station of every individual and ship admitted, most of those in our fleet did do their duty as officers and seamen. Nor has the writer any room to pass any censure on himself in this particular. His pride was not a little gratified in receiving one of the very first commissions signed after the battle was over, as a testimonial that his superiors approved of his behaviour. But, alas! if his conduct, and the conduct of thousands of others, had that day been tried before the great Searcher of hearts, how insignificant, how unchristian, how vain would most of it appeared when weighed in the pure and righteous balance of his sanctuary, where the antichristian opinions and practices of men avail nothing but to their own condemnation! Let it not be forgotten that the Judge of all the earth scrutinizes our actions in their every motive, and approves of none but such as are done from a conscientious sense of duty to him and to our fellow-creatures, from a desire "to honour and obey his holy name and his word."

England is, professedly, a Christian country. It is a land of Bibles and Gospel-lights and privileges beyond all other nations! What then does God, the gracious giver of all good, ex-

pect in return for these peculiar favours? Undoubtedly, that we acknowledge him in all our ways; that we seek his instructions, and implore his blessing in *all* our undertakings; that we return him our unfeigned praises in the secret of our closets, and in the eyes of that world before whom our mercies have been made so manifest.

Let us then suppose, for one moment, that the voice of the Christian part of Great Britain had dictated the above signal, we mean that part of its inhabitants "who worship God in the spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and place no confidence in the flesh." (Phil. iii. 3.) What would they have meant by such a declaration? What would they have looked for in our compliance with it? Not only all that our commander meant and expected, but much more;—not only, that we should have advanced to the cannon's mouth of the enemy, and there have maintained our post, either till conquest had crowned the battle, or life, or hopes were entirely gone; but that we should go into the fight as David did to his encounter with Goliah. (1 Sam. xvii.) Sensible that we were about to engage a mighty host of atheists, infidels, and degraders of the Christian name;—a host of men who trusted in their idols, their own strength, or the empty blessing of unhallowed monks and friars. Sensible, we say, of this our real situation, they would have meant

and desired what the following words express: "Draw near in the name of that God, whose Providence one half of these your enemies despise, and whose sacred word the other half make void by their traditions. If defeated, bow down at his footstool, and acknowledge that your sins, and the sins of the nation, have turned success from you. If victory crowns the day, beware you do not pull down the anger of the Almighty on yourselves and your country, by ungratefully neglecting to return him the most sincere and public praise, or by presumptuously ascribing that to man which alone is due to God.

Thus, to have entered into the battle, and to have fallen in it, or to have seen its triumphant close, would have been to do our duty to God as well as to our country. And it might have been the means of averting that singular visitation which followed the engagement; a visitation as melancholy in its consequences as it was strking to every reflecting mind.

The writer will not attempt to describe the particular havoc of this great sea-fight. It will be enough to say, that the destruction from the cannon of the British ships was great indeed; while our total loss was not one half so great as that of the enemies, although the latter had an amazing advantage until their line was broken, and the

action became general. Our loss on board the D—— amounted to only thirty-nine killed and wounded, while the two ships we engaged had each more than treble that number. Were the writer to account for the comparative smallness of our general loss on worldly principles and secondary causes, he would say it was owing to our superior skill in placing, and fighting our ships; so that frequently we laid them in such a position, as to cut down the enemy's men from end to end by our raking fire, and at the same time to be almost out of harm's way from their guns, which, though within a few yards of our ships, could not be brought to bear on us. The enemy also fired much too high, and often in a confused and random-like manner. From these causes, and not from a want of personal bravery, as many people think, our victory, that day, may, so far as secondary things go, be ascribed. The last ship the D—— engaged was a Spanish seventy-four, which struck just before her masts went by the board. This ship was taken possession of by our crew, and was one of the only four which reached Gibraltar. Poor San Ildefonzo! I am sure every officer on board the D—— rejoiced, for the sake of her mangled crew, to see her strike her colours, and thus stay our destructive fire.

The Lord wrought a great victory for our na-

tion that day! No less than twenty sail of the enemies' fleet were in our possession by five o'clock in the afternoon, beside one seventy-four in flames. But in obtaining this victory the nation lost its favourite and illustrious admiral, and we, by our subsequent conduct, may justly be considered as having brought down vengeance on ourselves, and the loss of all our captured ships but four, together with many, very many, lives.

At the close of the action there was nothing on earth to prevent a general and public thanksgiving being immediately offered up, and why Lord Collingwood did not make a signal for that purpose has, ere now, by himself, been explained before the tribunal of his Judge. Why each captain of the British fleet did not himself summon the survivors of his crew together, and imitate the conduct of the brave and pious Duncan, the writer cannot conceive. Let them, however, bear in mind, that the day will come when they must account to him, who, as the Lord of heaven and earth, is jealous of his own honour. Had Lord Nelson survived the conflict, no doubt he would have instantly set the example in himself, and by authority enforced it in others, as he had before done at the close of the battle of the Nile. Yes, he who went into the engagement with the underwritten prayer

scarcely dry on the page of his journal, would not have suffered the sun to go down on the close of this victory without publicly returning thanksgivings and praise to him who had heard and answered his supplications:—these supplications stand in the page of history, and in the journal of our great hero, in the following words:

"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself, individually, I commit my life to him that made me; and may his blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

True, some days after the engagement an order was issued, as the scattered ships could be fallen in with, to return thanks to Almighty God; but then this order was so ill timed, that it was almost entirely disregarded. Some ships had what may truly be called a mock thanksgiving, and several had none at all. Such was the base return we made for our unspeakable mercies! But he who had granted this victory in answer to the prayers, and for the protection

of his thankful praying servants on shore, would not permit the ungrateful, or at best but lukewarm, instruments of that victory to go unchastised. Hence he sent his storm, and scattered our fleet. He gave up our leader to an infatuated mind; and our captured ships, with many of our own people in them, either sunk while in tow, or were driven into Cadiz harbour, or thrown on the shores of Cadiz Bay, and totally lost. It is probable some of these officers may plead, in excuse for their conduct, that there was no time for a thanksgiving service in the state things were at the close of the engagement. Here the writer must repeat his unalterable opinion, that there was both time and opportunity, with a concurrence of many favourable circumstances, to enable us to expend ten or fifteen minutes on our knees before the throne of Him who had covered our heads, and crowned us with victory in the hour of battle. And what is more, he is bold to say, that had we done so, and Lord Nelson's last order been complied with, many, if not all, of the prizes would have seen England, and many a British subject, and thousands of our poor vanquished enemies, would now have been with their families at home, whose bodies were thrown lifeless on the Spanish shore.

Lord Nelson's sound judgment and great pro-

fessional skill enabled him to see, in a moment, the vast advantages of every ship being anchored immediately after the close of the action, and, therefore, his last and repeated order to the Captain of the Fleet was, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor*." This request of the dying Nelson

* These advantages would have been very many. I shall here name a few of them.

1st. Our ships would have been near to their respective prizes, and thus have had the most favourable opportunities for securing the prisoners, stopping shot-holes, jury rigging the captured dismasted vessels, and splicing and knotting their own rigging, or getting jury masts up where it was needful; in one word, for fitting out both themselves and the prizes, so as to proceed to Gibraltar when a fair opportunity of wind and weather presented itself.

2d. The enemies' vessels, being dismasted, would have enabled them to ride out the storm at an anchor more safe and easy than any ship with her mast standing could do. This was quite the case with the Ildefonzo, our prize, and would have been so with all the others.

3d. We had a good offing from the land, and good anchoring ground where the battle was fought, which might have been retained had we anchored on the evening of the 21st.

4th. We had a sufficient number of ships in a sailing and fighting condition. These might have kept under weigh between the shore and our disabled ships and prizes, and thus have protected them from those

was communicated to Lord Collingwood, who, no doubt, acted according to the best of his

ships of the enemy, which, having quitted the scene of action in an early stage of the fight, afterwards formed into a squadron, and were on the look out to annoy us.

The disadvantages of not anchoring were,

That much of the fine weather that remained to us after the action was expended in taking and keeping the prizes in tow, and therefore but little could be done in removing or securing the prisoners, beyond sending a handful of our officers and men on board.

Our own ships could go forward but slowly with their own temporary repairs, in comparison to what they might have done at an anchor.

As the breeze shortly set in strong on the coast, the longer we were occupied in towing the prizes, the more both they and ourselves drifted to leeward; and by and by, when the wind sea got up so much, towing was quite impracticable, and there was no alternative but destroying the prizes, or anchoring them, or seeing them go on shore.

In this state of things the signal was made to destroy them; but it was now too late. Only a part of our ships could succeed in getting the prisoners and their own people out of the Spanish and French vessels. Those that did so of course set fire to them.

Of those vessels, out of whom the people could not be removed, a part of them were retaken from our small parties on board, and having the port of Cadiz open under their lee, the enemy succeeded in running them in, and carrying our lately victorious comrades as prisoners into their harbour. The rest of them that

judgment when he refused to comply with it; and so did the unhappy Absalom when he re-

could not effect this were driven on the rocks without the harbour, and so perished. Thus the greater part of our prizes, some of which were the finest ships in the world, were torn from our ungrateful hands. Only our own and three others, and these the oldest and least valuable of the whole, were carried into a British port.

The following list will show what became of those ships which, at the close of the engagement, were in our possession. The Rayo fell into our hands a day or two after the fight.

1. Spanish ship San Ildefonzo, of 74 guns. Sent to Gibraltar.

2. Spanish ship San Juan Nepomuceno, of 74 guns. Sent to Gibraltar.

3. Spanish ship Bahama, of 74 guns. Sent to Gibraltar.

4. French ship Swiftsure, of 74 guns. Sent to Gibraltar.

5. Spanish ship Monarca, of 74 guns. Driven on shore, and wrecked.

6. French ship Fougeux, of 74 guns. Driven on shore and wrecked.

7. French ship Indomptable, of 84 guns. Driven on shore, and wrecked.

8. French ship Bucentaure, of 80 guns. Driven on shore, and wrecked.

9. Spanish ship San Francisco de Asia, of 74 guns. Driven on shore, and wrecked.

jected the counsel of Ahitophel, and chose to follow that of Hushai, (2 Sam. xvii. 1—3.)

10. Spanish ship El Rayo, of 100 guns. Driven on shore, and wrecked.

11. Spanish ship Neptuno, of 84 guns. Driven on shore, and wrecked.

12. French ship Berwick, of 74 guns. Driven on shore, and wrecked.

13. French ship Aigle, of 74 guns. Driven on shore, and wrecked.

Out of the above nine ships that were driven on shore, very few, either of their own crews, or of our officers and seamen who had been sent on board them, were saved. In several instances every soul perished; —in some others a small part gained the shore alive.

14. French ship Argonaute, of 74 guns.

15. Spanish ship Santa Anna, of 112 guns.

16. French ship Algeziras, of 74 guns.

These three were retaken from our handful of men, and run into Cadiz harbour.

17. French ship Intrepide, of 74 guns; burnt by the Britannia.

18. Spanish ship San Augustin, of 74 guns; burnt by the Leviathan.

19. Spanish ship Santissima Trinidada, of 140 guns; sunk by the Prince, Neptune, &c.

20. French ship Redoubtable, of 74 guns; sunk while towing by the Swiftsure, and almost all on board perished.

21. Spanish ship Argonaute, of 80 guns; sunk by the Ajax.

22. French ship Achille, of 74 guns; caught fire in *the action,* and blew up soon after its close.

There is, indeed, no analogy between these Scripture characters and those under our immediate review; but to a reflecting Christian mind, there does appear something of the same hand of God, permitting guilty ungrateful men to follow, and to be filled with, the folly and mischief of their own ways.

But we will quit this humiliating subject, this instructive lesson, and for a little while indulge our sorrows over the last moments of our great naval hero, in whom there was so much to admire, that we cannot but regret the more keenly what was defective, or not found where it ought to have existed.

As *Christians*, with an eternity in our view, and with the word of revelation in our hands, let us descend into the Victory's cockpit, the dying chamber of the illustrious Nelson, and there learn the end of all earthly greatness. For his own part the writer never hears the name of this distinguished individual mentioned, nor sees the painted or the sculptured emblems of his greatness, but the poet's words rush on his mind, and tell him again and again how certainly

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Awake alike the inevitable hour;
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Nor can all the laurels which are entwined

about his brow, nor all the loud applauses and long processions, which justly marked the nation's approbation of his warlike achievements, divest the mind of a certain inexpressible regret he feels for such a character, when he reads some of his dying expressions.

Most devoutly could he have wished to hear of Lord Nelson's departing this life in the clear knowledge, and triumphant faith of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as he has seen and heard in not a few of those humble retired characters who once inhabited the cottage about him. An honour, a privilege, a blessing this, that all others in the comparison are as nothing and vanity, lighter than the streaming web which floats along in the evening air, or as the foam, which for a moment marks out the path-way of the keel in the waves and is seen no more; an honour and privilege beyond all earthly estimate, because it is the sure earnest of a future inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that passeth not away, reserved in heaven for the disembodied spirit that departs in the Lord. But this clear knowledge and triumphant faith our great and illustrious Nelson did not possess. It is with cheerfulness we acknowledge, that his morality far exceeded that of many of his cotemporaries in arms, and that his habitual readiness to acknowledge an over-

ruling Providence in the affairs of this world, while it was a silent cutting rebuke on many of our great naval and military characters, cast a ray of glory about his own brow. But it must be confessed, that in the language of his prayers, and in his own review of himself, as a being on the point of entering into judgment with God, there was not apparently that sense of the necessity of a sin-atoning Saviour, or of the fallen state of man, as we could have wished. Hence we find him comforting his fluttering spirit with these words "Hardy I *have* not been a *great* sinner."* What beams of light might break in on his mind, during the few minutes that passed in silence, between this expression and the spirit ascending to Him who gave it, we know not. Neither do we presume to limit those mercies of the Most High, which are truly "a great deep." We verily believe there was a more profound humility in Lord Nelson's own bosom than his words seem to express. He certainly was not one of those proud Pharisees, who think the decent discharge of a few relative duties obliterates all their sins of com-

* See "An Authentic Narrative of the death of Lord Nelson, by Dr. Beatty, Surgeon of the Victory, in the battle of Trafalgar;" and also "Southey's Life of Nelson," vol. ii. ch. 9.

mission and omission against their Maker, and therefore we hope he is now sharing the blessings of that atonement which was once offered up for guilty man, and which was all the hope and dependance of the brave and pious son of Jesse, who went in and out before the people of Israel, and subdued their enemies on every side. Leaving then the immortal spirit of Nelson in the hands of that Judge who must and will do right, let us take a general view of his last words—"I have *not been a great sinner*," and consider them as proceeding from the lips of many, who, it is feared, will take them to their comfort in a dying hour, although they have lived ignorant of the scriptural account of the only true God, and of Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent. Yes, it is to be feared, that many who never dared to practice Nelson's virtues, will embrace his mistakes and imitate his frailties; and although they had not courage to own their fear of God, or their trust in his providence, they will nevertheless buoy themselves up in their last moments with his words, and say, "Soul, be of good cheer." To all such we would proclaim, on the authority of the word of God, that man is a sinner; and the best of men are, in the eyes of their Maker, *great* sinners. Kings and admirals, as well as cottagers and cabin-boys, fall under this de-

scription. When the Almighty himself describes our character, it is, "Children of wrath by nature," "Aliens," and "Enemies by wicked works," "Going astray from our very cradle," and, with reference to the unchanged state of our heart and our own opinion of it, "Speaking lies."—True, there are degrees of actual guilt in men's general and external conduct. But, as to the natural corruption of the human heart, and its entire alienation from God and spirituality, all are alike, for "as face answereth to face in a glass," "so," says the word of God, "does the heart of man to man." If all hearts do not produce the same deadly fruits in an abundant harvest of external sins, it is not because the evil nature was not in the soil, but because an omnipotent God restrained and prevented the growth, rooted out the mischievous seeds, or ingrafted and changed the nature of their shoots by the agency of his Holy Spirit. Hence, whatsoever good is formed in man, the spirit of the Lord produces it; whatsoever evil, the man's own natural and proper self is the author. And what that proper unrestrained nature is, and ever will be, we learn from him who cannot lie nor mistake. "The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand and seek God:" and the result of the divine in-

spection was, "They are all gone aside; they are altogether become filthy: There is none that doeth good, no, not one." Psalm xiv. 3. So spake the Lord by his servant David. And Solomon, under the direction of the same spirit, gives a finishing stroke to his father's draught, by informing us, that "foolishness is bound in the heart of a child:" and not of a child only, for he adds, "the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and while they live, madness is in their heart." Prov. xxii. 15. Eccl. ix. 3.—Where then shall we find the *small sinner?* Not in the Bible; for there the guilt of every man is stated at so great an amount, as to require the sacrifice and death of the Son of God to be applied to the individual's redemption. Let us go into the chambers of the sick and dying Christians, those who have prayed and watched against satan's snares, and their own heart's perverseness, from year to year; and who, through the grace of God, know, that the world is in a great measure crucified to them, and they unto the world; and that shortly they shall behold his face in righteousness, and offend no more. Let us, I say, visit the sick and dying beds of these. Shall we hear them comforting their agitated spirit, with a calculation of the smallness of their natural or acquired guilt? Shall we behold

them leaning on the broken reed of self-applause, and expressing to the by-standers, that they have not been great sinners? No, their individual language is, "My sins have been as the sands upon the sea-shore. I am a debtor of ten thousand talents, and have nothing to pay. But Jesus Christ, the Saviour of lost and guilty men, hath shed his blood for my redemption; and the Eternal Father, in consideration of that meritorious sacrifice, hath freely forgiven me all."

If we examine the Scripture account of heaven, we cannot learn that any glorified saint who has escaped from earth, is there found pleading the smallness of his transgressions when an inhabitant below. On the contrary, all the happy tribes who surround the throne of God and the Lamb, are represented as casting their crowns to the ground, and prostrating themselves in profound humiliation, while they express the feelings of their minds in ascribing "Glory to God who sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb who was dead and is alive again, and hath *redeemed* them to God by his blood." Surely, that state of bondage, offence, and condemnation must be great, which required so wonderful a price to ransom it! Who can look to the garden of Gethsemane, and to the hill of Calvary, and thence take an

honest view of the workings of his own heart, without pitying the self-justiciary, and exclaiming, "Alas! poor self-deluded mortal!"

As far as our illustrious Nelson was concerned, we are not surprized at the defect of his religious views. For when we consider what a train of active, anxious, public services filled up his days on earth; and how much flattery and applause were poured on him by his aged and fond father, by his numerous military and naval friends, and by the members of the Royal family, it is more a matter of astonishment that he looked so much to God and to his providence, and thought so little of himself, rather than that he was not more humble and more devout. But, oh! after all, how would it have rejoiced the hearts of thousands to read, that he took leave of this troublesome and vain world in some such words as these:—"Hardy, my course is run. The Lord, on many occasions, has gone with and prospered, my endeavours; and on this day he has crowned them with success, and is working a great deliverance for our country. Here I must finish my work; all my toils and cares are now drawing to an end; the cold hand of death is upon me; but I know in whom I have believed, and although my heart and flesh fail, yet God is the strength and support of my departing spirit, and

he will be my portion for ever. Farewell, my faithful companions; may a gracious Providence spare you to complete this victory, and may you, and all ranks and orders of men, at home and abroad, ascribe the whole praise and glory of it to him who conquers by many or by few. I have toiled with fidelity in the service of my country, and I have obtained some portion of its honours and esteem; but I am about to appear before the tribunal of heaven, where earthly distinctions vanish, and human applause avails nothing. *There* I must stand as a poor guilty worm, as a sinner laden with many, very many, transgressions; yet *there* I trust to find the blood of Jesus Christ hath cancelled the whole, and that his intercession at the right hand of power will avail for me. Farewell! Now Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed it, thou God of mercy and truth!"

Such a closing scene as this would have so stamped the character of *pious* on the dying Nelson, and would have so embalmed his name and memory in the hearts of thousands, that generations of Christians yet unborn would have repeated it as they now do those of Gardiner, Blackader, Melville, Burn, &c. without the shadow of a doubt, or one misgiving thought on their minds; yes, with holy exultation would

they have remembered our great naval hero, and said, "Blessed, indeed, was the death of Nelson, for he died in the Lord."

Well does the writer know with what contempt the ambitious, the worldly, and merely political character will read these observations, with what contempt he himself should once have read them. He knows with what supreme disdain they will hear of the disapprobation of those very Christians whose prayers have been more instrumental in saving their country, than all the valour of our fleets and armies.* It cannot be otherwise, for "the carnal heart is enmity against God." But there is a day approaching, wherein all characters, motives, and actions are to be estimated and rewarded by a far different rule to that now established in the fashionable and political world. At that day, when He who once died to redeem the universe shall sit in judgment to acquit or condemn its inhabitants, there shall be no respect of persons, no palli-

* See Mr. Wilberforce's sentiments on this point, as quoted in "The Retrospect," p. 203 of the latter editions. Or, as they stand in the concluding section of that invaluable work: "A Practical View of the prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians, in the Higher and Middle Classes in this country, contrasted with *Real Christianity*." By William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P. &c.

ating of crimes, no varnishing over our splendid sins with softened or perverted titles, no stooping to the opinions and customs that prevailed in infidel France, in superstitious Spain, or in ungrateful Britain. Truth and Justice shall then hold up the balance before an assembled world; and on either scale will be written with the finger of God, so that all may read, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." (1 Cor. x. 31.) "God knoweth the heart: and that which is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of God." (Luke, xvi. 15.)

In vain will it be for kings or subjects to attempt to fly from this scrutiny. All must submit to be weighed in this balance; and then, alas! how many will be found wanting! The rules and standards by which worldly and political men once tried and adjudged human actions will, for a moment, be exhibited to the anxious tribes before the judgment seat, and then these rules and standards shall be swept away with an everlasting curse, and Christ shall decide every man's state according to the word of Scripture and the real character of each individual.

One of the peculiar traits of degenerate man is, that "he calls evil good, and good evil. But as the soul obtains and graciously improves the renovation of the Spirit of God; it proportion-

ally awakes out of this slumber, and bursts the infatuating charms which hitherto held its senses in the captivity of darkness and error; and then, and not till then, it sees and judges of men and things by a right rule. Then itself, and its motives, and performances, are approved of by Him "to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets can be hid."

Does any one ask where such characters are to be found? We reply, sometimes in the palaces of kings and princes, sometimes at the council board of a nation, and sometimes at the head of our fleets and armies; but more frequently in the humble and secluded walks of life; often beneath the roofs of poverty itself, tenanting the crumbling walls of clay-built cottages, within whose precincts earthly grandeur and titled nobility never entered, but where the angels of heaven attend and minister to those inmates who are heirs of salvation. It is in these humble habitations, and among these despised rustics, that the Christian visitant and Christian minister often sees and hears what is truly noble, heroic, and instructive.

With truth may it be said, respecting many a crowned head, and statesman, and general, and admiral, that their closing hours bear no comparison in point of real propriety, magnanimity, heroic firmness, and Christian joy, to

many a poor despised cottager's in the villages and hamlets of this land. The former, on their dying bed, are often buoyed up with nothing more than the tremulous hope, that there is no such futurity or judgment as the Bible proclaims; and the most interesting subject is then their own fame. They hope, they think their country will talk of them for years to come. The latter are often carried triumphant through death, knowing that their Redeemer liveth, and, that when the earthly house of this their tabernacle is dissolved, they shall have "a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Hence then, while the writer would pay all due honour to the professional skill, zeal, and intrepidity of our naval and military leaders, he would infinitely prefer standing in the lot of many a poor cottager at the last day rather than theirs, who had no better dying hope, than that "they had not been great sinners."

But he will now quit this part of his subject to observe, how different was the appearance of the combined and British fleets at five o'clock in the afternoon to what it exhibited at mid-day. All at noon was splendour and nautical perfection, presenting a sight, which for stateliness and beauty, was, perhaps, never excelled: but, oh! what was it at five o'clock! The roaring

cannon had then ceased—the bosom of the great deep was a perfect mirror, but bearing on its surface one complete scene of blood and devastation—ships of all three nations indiscriminately mixed together—the majestic towering mast of many quite shot away, floating by their side, or lying as a wreck across the shattered hull—some in part dismasted, and some in flames. In some places, our ships were entangled in the wreck of each other, and in other places in the wreck of their adversaries. Whichever way the eye turned itself, all the havoc and ruin of battle crowded on the view. The blood of friends and of enemies were mingled together in the sea and stained the peaceful waters; and the groans of our mangled and dying comrades and of our adversaries were heard amidst the shouts and tumultuous joy of the surviving victors. Ere this the soul of Nelson had quitted the stage of sin and folly, and many hundreds of immortal spirits had accompanied it into the presence of their Judge, and more were every few seconds taking their successive flight. On board the vanquished ships the survivors were found sitting in sullen discontent, apparently unaffected by the sufferings of those around them, or too full of apathy to feel as men. Their dead lay unburied and uncovered about their decks, and many of their wounded were pouring out their life's

blood without an attempt being made to check its course. On board our own ships, and among all descriptions of officers and men, universal activity prevailed. A few sighs were heaved for those of our companions who were gone, and all that could be done for the wounded was performed. But our sorrows were as momentary as they were unavailing; and our remembrance of Him who had preserved us alive, and crowned us with victory, was far more transient than the recollection of our fallen shipmates. Since that period, the writer has often thought on the contrast which the fleets and scene of action exhibited before and after the battle; and sometimes he has supposed that contrast might be a faint image of what the sun in the firmament once beheld in this world before and after the fall of man. Thus from the hills and shoals of Trafalgar the imagination has run back to Eden, to lovely Eden, and endeavoured to figure that scene of felicity when God walked and conversed with his sinless, happy creatures; to that time and place when the angels delighted to hold communion with man, and man himself stood, in rank and blessedness, but a little lower than they. Instructed by the sure word of prophecy, and assisted by the glowing pen of our immortal bard, Milton, the mind has been enabled to see all the beasts of the field and all

the feathered tribes of the air dwelling in perfect friendship, and assembling with one consent to receive a name from Adam, and to pay all due respect to him as to the image of their and of his Maker. Thence it has followed them as they ranged through the verdant and luxuriant plains of that blessed inclosure, and it discovered nothing but one uninterrupted train of happiness, one scene of pure and perfect love, and one display of natural and angelic splendour without a storm to discompose the air, or an angry cloud to cross the peaceful sky; without a noxious searching sunbeam to disturb the day, or a sickly chilling vapour or pestilential shade to contaminate the night. In short, the mind conceived, or endeavoured to conceive of the world as it was, an Eden of happiness, where the voice of pain and the cries of distress were unknown—where the Creator was at peace with his creation, and every part of that creation was at peace with the other—where every animate creature sent forth a voice of praise, and every inanimate object displayed the power and wisdom of the hand that formed it, when God himself pronounced the whole as "very good." Then the dark side of the picture, the awful contrast has presented itself to view. Sin entered into this before happy deathless world, and death by sin. The bloom of Eden faded,

and its fruits fell untimely to the ground; its springs, and fountains, and rivers were dried up or overflowed their banks, and carried a wide spreading desolation with them. He who lately had beheld this part of the universe with approbation, now viewed it in displeasure, and pronounced it accursed for man's sake. The world felt its death wound, and groaned while the energetic fiat ran from pole to pole. Man now beheld the smiling countenance of his Maker no more; no more was he permitted to hold sweet converse with him and live; angels forsook him as polluted and fallen, and returned half weeping to heaven.—The lion and the tiger howled forth the notes of slaughter and death, and the helpless lamb in vain attempted to escape from their murderous fangs. The air, the earth, and the waters, were now in a state of warfare; the pursuer and the pursued hurried on in every direction, and death set up an universal empire throughout the world. But this was not all; for while the storm of vengeance and desolation descended on every side, Adam and Eve went forth from their original dwelling-place as solitary, sinful, trembling, dying pilgrims, to tread the rugged hills and vallies of a thorny sterile world, whose accursed soil they were to till in the sweat of their brow, until they mingled with that dust from whence they had been formed.

But to return once more to the desolations of Trafalgar. There was one object which at the close of the action engaged every eye, and helped to finish the distressing feature of the scene. One of the French seventy-four gun ships was discovered to be on fire. The writer believes, that many, though certainly not all, of the unwounded part of her crew were saved; but he apprehends few or none of those escaped who were wounded. As the ship took fire somewhere on the upper decks, she burnt a considerable time before she exploded. When that moment arrived, his eyes happened to be fixed on her. It was a sight the most awful and grand that can be conceived. In a moment the hull burst into a cloud of smoke and fire; and a column of vivid flame shot to an enormous height in the atmosphere, and terminated by expanding into an immense globe, representing, for a few seconds, a prodigious tree in flames, speckled with many dark spots which the pieces of timber and bodies of men occasioned while they were suspended in the clouds. It was a sight which excited the sympathy and regret of every beholder; and so far our feelings were what they should be. But, oh! how little did we feel of gratitude and love for our preservation from the like calamity. We attributed our own deliverance from fire to our own superior

knowledge and management, and therefore none of us exclaimed as we ought to have done, "Not unto us, O LORD, not unto us, but to thy name be all the praise!"

The writer most sincerely rejoices to take this opportunity of bearing testimony to an increasing regard for religion among the navy in general, since the events recorded in this number. Much of this happy change may be ascribed, under divine grace, to the exertions of that exellent institution, "The Naval and Military Bible Society," in spreading the pure word of God among our fleets and armies. In the last Anniversary of the Society, held the 12th of May, when the Duke of York presided, with several of the most distinguished characters, Admiral Sir James Saumarez stated, that he had uniformly found, that the best and bravest sailors were those who habitually read their Bibles. In allusion to a victory gained under his command, he added, that, "he could only "say, that it was solely through the Bible, and from "a firm confidence in the grace of God, which that "sacred volume inspired, that he had been animated "to combat the dangers before him and be success-"ful. But the victory was of God; and he would "join with the holy Psalmist in exclaiming, 'Not unto "me, O Lord! not unto me; but to thy name be "all the glory.' *Every ship did its duty that day; but it "was in the name of our God that we set up our banners, "and the Lord had heard our prayers.* To fight in hum-"ble dependence on the divine protection, and with "a simple, unmixed reliance on the divine mercy,

" through the Redeemer, is and always must be, the " highway to victory and honour." (*See Christian Observer for May*, 1818, *p.* 341.)

So long as Britain honours such commanders, as can cordially express these sentiments and exemplify them by their conduct, we need not despair of the divine blessing on her counsels or efforts in the hour of public danger.

No. XXII.

THE BARBARISMS OF WAR.

"AND HE SHALL JUDGE AMONG THE NATIONS, AND SHALL REBUKE MANY PEOPLE: AND THEY SHALL BEAT THEIR SWORDS INTO PLOW-SHARES, AND THEIR SPEARS INTO PRUNING-HOOKS: NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE."——Isaiah, ii. 4.

WHOEVER has witnessed or bent his mind to the contemplation of the miseries of war, even as they exist in the more enlightened and civilized countries of Europe, must be struck with the infinite blessings which are yet in reserve for the world, when the gospel of Christ shall completely heal the distractions hitherto existing among men, and shall so far enlighten their understandings, and transform their minds, as to cause them to beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.

Innumerable and indescribable are the crimes, the horrors, and curses to which war is continually giving birth. Horrors and crimes, which,

were it not for the awful degeneracy of human nature, we could not contemplate without experiencing somewhat of that amazement which the patriarch Abraham sunk under, when the Divine Being unfolded to his view a portion of the miseries which his descendants were to endure, and of the judgments that were to fall on the obdurate resisters of his grace. (Genesis, xv.)

Every reflecting and benevolent mind, whether in a civil or military capacity, must look forward to that period as the most happy that this earth can witness, when war shall be learnt no more. Duty may now lead the Christian soldier to the painful task of levelling the enemies of his country to the ground; but he will not, like the savage warrior, exult over a fallen adversary with unfeeling joy and cruel exultation. On the contrary, so far as he is a Christian, he will exercise all the noblest feelings that are attached to his present imperfect state of existence. While the foe lies bleeding at his feet, the heart of the Christian victor will bleed tears of compassion over the wounds his duty called on him to inflict.

But where the real principles of Christianity are not in some degree implanted in the bosom, there the soldier is a brute in human shape. He is a self-interested creature, or rather an unfeel-

ing monster, who will shed the blood of every fellow-creature he can that crosses his path, or thwarts his interest or his arbitrary will. If the slaying of ten thousand men can obtain for such characters the riches and the titled rewards of a court, they rejoice in the opportunity of committing such slaughter, that they may obtain the price of blood. Hence it is that many are found in this as well as in other countries, who are ready to enter into the naval or military service of any foreign power, Turk, Pope, or Infidel, and thus hire themselves out to that master who will pay them best for shooting their fellow-creatures. No wonder that such men endeavour to persuade themselves there is no God, no future state of retributive justice, and eternal rewards and punishments.

One of the inseparable evils of war is, that, under every modification, and in every aspect, it has a direct tendency to brutalize the human species, to drive back the half enlightened and half transformed individual again into the regions of that apathy of feeling and barbarism of sentiment which have hitherto so enslaved and cursed the world. This is as might be expected. Our lusts, which war against the soul, and against the purity and righteousness of heaven, are the soil from whence wars have ever sprung,

and from whence they will in future proceed. (James, iv. 1.) This is the fountain from whence all the indescribable mischiefs of this execrable practice not only issue forth, but from whence they are continually receiving new accessions of strength and malignity. Nor is the evil confined to the mere combatants. It extends its contaminating and baneful influence over whole nations, and more or less deprives almost all the different members of society of some portion of those tender and humane christian feelings which they once possessed.

How completely has our own country proved this! Removed as its favoured inhabitants have been during the late twenty years of war, far from the theatre of battles, and the desolating scenes of famine and the sword, one might have expected all their sensibility and tenderness of conscience and feeling would have at least remained, if not increased; and that every account of the slaughter and devastations of war would have harrowed up their souls, and stirred them up to pray, "that the sword might be returned to its peaceful scabbard, and slay no more." But was it so? No; the continuance and frequency of our accounts of the havoc of battles paralyzed the feelings of the nation until the intelligence of the slaughter of thousands,

and tens of thousands, of friends and enemies, was heard with an awful indifference, and discoursed of with all the apathy of mere speculating political minds. If a ship, or a few boats, or a fort were taken; or the enemies' troops driven back over a few fields in some remote part of the world, the inhabitants of our island rejoiced at the unimportant and unprofitable victory, although sometimes purchased at the expence of thousands of lives. Nay, our very females, who pride themselves in their sensibility of feeling, have put on their gayest attire, and danced to the sprighliest music down the splendid public assembly-rooms of our great cities, in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo, while the widow's and the orphan's cheeks were yet suffused in tears for their slaughtered husbands and fathers, who fell to rise no more in this world.

It was not my lot to see much of these evils on the land. The burning cities driving forth their despairing inhabitants, to perish in the snows and famine of a Russian climate;—the mountains of frozen soldiers and frozen horses, both foes and friends, collected into one indiscriminate heap, and burning together in one common funeral pile to prevent an epidemic

plague*; these, and many other such like fruits of war were beheld and partaken of by millions of the inhabitants of the Continent, while I was at a distance. My duty led me another way; my general sphere of action was on the great deep; yet I was not altogether a stranger to the miseries of war on shore, or to its brutalising effects on the minds of men. In proof of this assertion I could mention several circumstances; but I shall confine myself to one of an inferior sort, inferior, I mean, when viewed in the same moment with many great, political, and bloody events which rapidly succeeded each other throughout Europe during the late war.

It was during the writer's third and last station in the Mediterranean, and not long before he obtained permission to retire from warlike pursuits, that his ship was employed on the coast of Catalonia, and, for several weeks, stationed immediately off Barcelona and Mongat. At the former place the French had possession of the heights and fortifications, and held a strong garrison. Here we had frequent oppor-

* The Russian official account stated, that near 250,000 men, and upwards of 120,000 horses, were burnt, exclusive of those that were slain in battle and burnt by the French, or destroyed previous to the public order.

tunities of witnessing the bloody cruelties and barbarisms of war between the polite sons of France and the good catholics of Spain.

The patriotic army being at that time very formidable in the rear of these sea-coast garrisons, and our shipping on the look out at the mouth of the harbours, the French were cut off from regular supplies: to remedy which, as far as possible, they made frequent sallies and excursions into the surrounding villages, and plundered all within their grasp. Nor were they contented with thus robbing the poor inhabitants of whatever they had to lose, but they grossly insulted the old people, and violated, and sometimes put to death, those young women who unhappily fell in their way. As to the young and all the active part of the male peasantry, they were rarely to be met with in the cottages. Our government had supplied them with arms and ammunition, and they had formed themselves into several kinds of wild bush-fighting troops; so that whenever the French parties scoured the surrounding country, these hardy and half wild Catalonians kept in their rear, or lay concealed in the rocks and bushes, and so cut off several of their enemies whenever they quitted the forts. Some loss was of course sustained by the Spaniards, but

it bore a very small proportion to that of the other party, who could not run or climb about the rocks and hills like the natives.

Unhappy was the lot of that individual, whether Frenchman or Spaniard, who fell wounded into the hands of his adversary, for they truly thirsted for each other's blood. The Spaniards first commenced the practice of mangling their prisoners, and the French soon retaliated with vengeance, and both parties eventually tried to excel each other in acts of savage barbarism. The very last day in which I saw a repetition of their running fights, among other acts of cruelty committed in cold blood, was that of the Frenchmen cutting off both the hands of one of the Spaniards whom they had taken prisoner, which having done they sent him thus maimed into his village again.

As to the poor females and children, it was distressing beyond measure to see them, on every excursion of the French, flying into the thickets and mountains. No sooner was the alarm given that the troops were quitting the fort, than these defenceless daughters of trouble ran with their infants in their arms, and a blanket or rug across their shoulders, into the recesses of the woods, where they lay concealed through day and night, until the soldiers had returned

into the garrison. Then, half famished and full of a thousand fears, they ventured back to their cottages, which being entirely built of stone, could not be set on fire; but on all these occasions they found every article of food taken away, and every utensil burnt or destroyed, and sometimes a part of their habitations beaten down by the cannon of our ship, in our attempts to reach the common enemy. Nor was this all; the lifeless body of a brother, or a father, or a husband, often remained on the neighbouring rocks or hills, and waited their last sad offices to return it to that earth from whence it was formed. When a few days had been expended in burying their dead, and in collecting a few vegetables, and making a rude stool and table for the living, the French would sally forth again; and again the poor fugitives were obliged to fly to the woods and mountains. This was the regular routine of things during the whole time I was off the coast, and for several months after I left it to return home.

On these occasions my mind ever turned to my own happy native land; and every recollection of the peculiar blessings of its inhabitants, refreshed my spirits, and often led me to address them to the following effect, when there was none to hear my soliloquy but the omniscient and omnipresent God himself.

"Hail! happy England!—Infinite mercy hath placed thee as a queen upon the waters, over whose guardian waves these thine enemies cannot come.

"While jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright these peaceful vales with dire alarms;
While ocean hears vindictive thunders roll,
Along his troubling wave from pole to pole;"

thou, my much-loved country, art in peace. Thy mothers, thy daughters, and thy children, behold no such scenes as these. Each sits under her own vine, and under her own fig-tree, and no hostile band of savage infidel soldiers makes her afraid.

Long mayst thou, my favoured country, enjoy thy blessings, and may thy gratitude keep some pace with the bounteous gifts, and ever watchful care of thy heavenly Father!

At these times my soul felt an ardent desire for the establishment of the Redeemer's kingdom upon earth, and my prayer was, "LORD, hasten the day when the root of Jesse shall stand as an ensign to the people; when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the suckling together, and a little child shall lead them: when the sucking child shall play in the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cock-

atrice-den: when they shall no longer hurt or destroy in all thy holy mountain; but when the earth shall be full of the knowledge and love of thee the LORD, as the waters cover the depths of the sea." (Isaiah xi.)

THE END.

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